THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
MARCH, 1881.

SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST.

CYPRUS AND THE LEVANT.

II.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

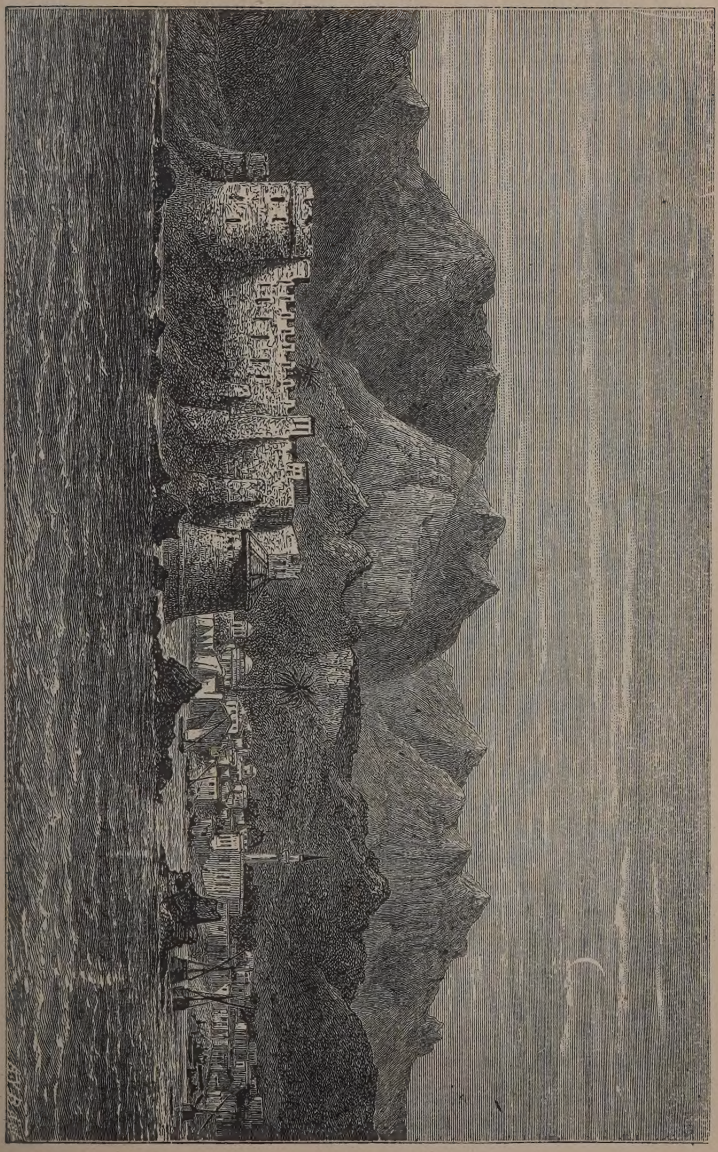
THE island of Cyprus occupies a distinguished place in both sacred and profane history. It early belonged to the Phœnicians of the neighbouring coast. It was afterwards colonized by the Greeks, who founded there several independent kingdoms, and it passed successively under the power of the Pharaohs, Ptolomies, and Romans. At the time of the Crusades it was detached from the Greek Empire, and made a kingdom for Guy of Lusignan. Then it fell to the Venetians, and in 1570 was subdued by the

Turks, after a brave defence. And now it has passed under the protection of Great Britain, and is held as a pledge for the fulfilment by the Sultan of the convention entered into before the late Treaty of Berlin.

The island is about 140 miles in length, by a breadth of 40 miles at its widest part. Its population, which, under the Venetians, was over 1,000,000, under the misrule of the Turks has dwindled to one-fifth of that number, of whom two-thirds are Greeks, and the rest Moslems, Maronites, Jews, Armenians, and Roman Catholics. The Greek Church in the island was made independent by the Council of Ephesus in the 5th century, and so it has remained to this day.

This fair and fertile island lies in the extreme north-east angle of the Mediterranean, about 65 miles from the Syrian coast and 44 miles south of Asia Minor. Through its centre runs the mountain range, rising to a height of over 6,000 feet, known to the ancients as Olympus—not, however, the fabled residence of the gods, which was another mountain of the same name in Macedon and Thessaly. The wine of Cyprus was famous in ancient times, but has now little reputation. Famagusta, a commodious port under the Venetians, under Turkish neglect has been so choked up as to hold only about a dozen small craft. Larnaka, where the consuls and foreign merchants reside, is the chief port. Its trade consists of exports of colocynth, cotton, carob beans, madder, and wine. Its imports are all kinds of manufactured goods. It has valuable mines, but they are neglected. Special interest has of late been awakened by the rich "finds" of antiquities of classic times. Turkish oppression and tax-farming have greatly injured the island, but under British administration it is recovering a degree, at least, of its former prosperity.

We will now be better able to appreciate Mrs. Brassey's charming account of her visit to this picturesque and historically interesting island. On the 7th of November, 1878, the *Sunbeam* made the western extremity of Cyprus, and anchored off the port of Papho, the ancient Paphos, where were once the famous temple and gardens of Venus. Going ashore, our tourists explored the ruins of Ktima, the adjacent fields and roads being strewn with fragments of white marble capitals and acanthus leaf ornaments. The column to which St. Paul, it is alleged,



KYRENIA, CYPRUS.

was bound, and then scourged, for preaching in the island, was also shown them. The British camp was visited, and one-fourth of the men found ill with Cyprus fever, and the convalescents looking like ghosts. Limasol, the second port in the island, was the next place visited. The country is described as naturally very fertile, but the vine-culture is very slovenly, the water bad, and the climate insalubrious. At Larnaka they found that the troops had been despatched to Afghanistan on account of the outbreak of the war. Their horses and stores were sold at a fearful loss—a good horse fetching only from 17s. to 20s. Almost every one was ill with the fever, or only convalescent. On the whole, the military occupation of the island seemed to have been hardly a success.

Having accepted an invitation to visit the camp of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the commander of our Canadian Red River Expedition, our tourists started for the interior. They reached the town of Mikosia late at night, only to find the gates closed, and with much trouble effected an entrance and found the camp. The weather was excessively hot by day and cold by night. In summer the heat rose to 120°, and the troops died like sheep. The Ghoorkas, and other Indian troops, suffered as much as the British. The officers had seen nothing like it, even in India. The difficulties of interment were great, as some burned and some buried the dead with peculiar religious ceremonies. An interesting visit was made to the Archimandrate, or Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, and to his church. The pulpit is entered by a rope ladder, which forms the only communication with the floor. A large estate owner acted as camp interpreter and servant for the sum of 7s. 6d per day. At Dali, the ancient Idalium, General Cesnola made some of his most interesting discoveries of Cypriote relics in gold, silver, glass, and pottery.

The next place visited was the once magnificent Famagousta, founded by Ptolomy Philadelphus, and re-named Fama Augusti, by Augustus, the victor of Actium. Here Shakespeare's Othello was once governor. "In the midst of the dust and ruins of houses and palaces," writes our author, "once containing a population of 300,000 souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud huts, the habitations of some 300 people. Three churches remain standing where there were once 200; and in the streets only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding

about like ghosts." The predominant features were ruin, desolation, and dirt. The once capacious harbour is now choked with rubbish. Here our tourists met a famous Syrian brigand, who used to rob the rich and give to the poor. He was said to have given dowries to 2,000 Greek girls. After seven years' confinement, chained to a wall, he was doing duty as a groom at the Government stables.

Sailing round the eastern end of the island, on the 10th of November our tourists reached the ancient port of Kyrenia, shown in the cut on page 195—a charming spot, but smitten with the fever. The natives said the very dogs in the streets

TOWER OF HERO AND LEANDER

died of it. The 42nd Regiment, most of whom were invalided, were preparing to escape the pestilence by immediate departure. As the steward was sick, Mrs. Brassey did the marketing, and found vegetables remarkably cheap—a supply for forty persons costing only 2s. An interesting visit was made to the old Gothic convent of La Pais, on a bluff 500 feet above the sea. (See frontispiece.) The ancient cloisters and vast halls—one was 150 by 50 feet—with their Gothic tracery, were very noteworthy, though quite ruinous. The English engineers had fitted up the convent for a hospital, but it was found that the sick were worse than in their stuffy tents. The fever seems to be caused by the bad water of the island. In dry seasons many of the people

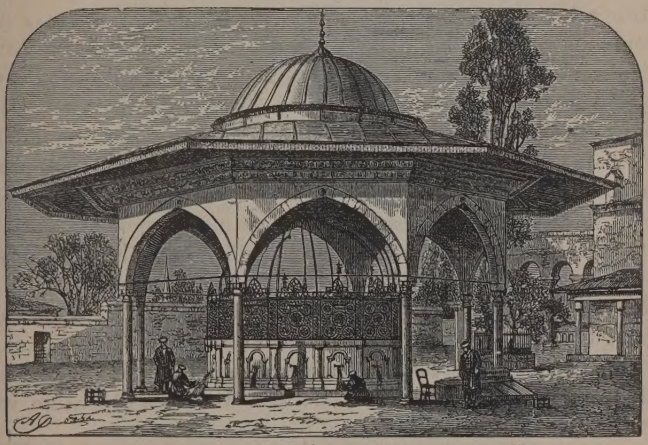
have to be shipped to the mainland to prevent their starving. The island will probably be available only for a coaling station. Our tourists visited another convent, where the barefooted monks were extremely kind, though unable to communicate, except by signs, with their guests. Four of them assisted Mrs. Brassey and her daughter to perform their ablutions—one holding a basin, another a towel, a third the soap, and a fourth the candle. She gives a picture of the absurd scene.

Leaving Cyprus, the famous Isle of Rhodes was soon reached. The capital, Rhodes, was founded B. C. 408, and Strabo says, in his time was the finest city in the world—finer even than Rome. Its celebrated Colossus was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet high, bestriding the harbour, between whose legs ships could sail. After standing fifty-six years, it was thrown down by an earthquake, B. C. 224. It lay for nearly 1,000 years on the ground, and was sold by the Saracens to a Jew, who loaded 900 camels with the bronze. The Knights of St. John, when driven from Jerusalem, captured the island from the Moslems, and held it for 200 years. In 1522, Solyman the Magnificent besieged it with an army of 200,000 men. Its garrison of only 6,000 defended it with heroic valour for many months, and only yielded in the last extremity. It has since been held by the Turks. The Grand Hospital of the Knights, a fine building, is now used as a barrack. The church and the palace also exhibit evidences of their former grandeur; but the blight and curse of Turkish domination broods over all.

A more striking evidence of this is seen in the island of Chios, which—after passing Patmos, where the cavern in which St. John wrote the Apocalypse is shown, and Icaria, where Icarus, flying too near the sun, fell into the sea—our tourists visited. In consequence of a revolt against the Turks in 1822, the island was invaded; 45,000 of its inhabitants were carried off as slaves, 25,000 were slain, 15,000 escaped penniless to other countries, and of 75,000 Greeks, not 2,000 were left. As an illustration of the wealth of classic art buried beneath the soil of these lands, our author mentions seeing on the beach of the Bosphorus a piece of statuary of the finest Greek period, which had been brought to Cyzicus as ballast, and then pitched ashore as of no further use.

Sailing up the Dardanelles, our tourists witnessed the priva-

tions of the Turkish soldiers—housed like cattle, clothed like paupers, fed like convicts, and paid—well, not paid at all for months at a time. They were deeply impressed with the striking contrast between the war-wasted, desolate condition of affairs in the city of the Sultan, as contrasted with the splendour and gaiety everywhere apparent during their previous visit in 1874. Mrs. Brassey describes with much vivacity the varied incidents, the brilliant pageants, and receptions of that visit, which was probably her first, to the city of mosques and palaces. She poetically compares the countless slender minarets to sentries keeping guard over a sacred shrine. The Fast of Ramazan was



Fountain of St. Sophia.

just over, and at night hundreds of airy pinnacles were lit up with myriads of lamps. The historic sights of the world-famous scene were duly visited, including the so-called Tower of Hero and Leander, where the fair priestess plunged into the sea, in grief for her brave lover of Abydos; the fountain of St. Sophia; the mosques and palaces; the gardens and villas; the almost impregnable walls; and above all, the crowded bazaars, filled with all manner of curious and costly wares; and indeed everything worth seeing in one of the most remarkable cities of the world. She was especially struck with its strange blending of barbarism, luxury, and civilization. The oriental profusion of barbaric

pearl and gold of the bankrupt Sultan was amazing. He lavished upon the Empress of the French over £100,000 in presents; but when the beautiful Eugenie deigned to kiss the cheek of his slave-born mother (to whom his father took a fancy as she was carrying wood to a bath), the withered old crone was scandalized at the insult, retired to bed, was bled profusely, fasted, and took several Turkish baths to remove the pollution of contact with the infidel Giaour. The palace where the Empress lodged was shut up, and part of it demolished, to avert the "evil eye," consequent on her visit and subsequent misfortunes. The mere caprice of the insane tyrant—for insane he certainly was—must be indulged at whatever cost. His little son, who was nominally Admiral of the Navy, was found crying one day because he could not see from his nursery his flag hoisted on his own particular ironclad. So at a cost of £100,000 the staging of a new bridge across the Bosphorus was demolished, and the whole city put to inconvenience for months, that the huge sea-kraken might be shown as a toy to a whimpering child. The Sultan was treated with the most abject servility by his viziers, who dared not stand erect in his presence, but bent almost double; and all others addressed him but in monosyllables, and with their foreheads almost touching the floor. The bearer of bad news ran the risk of beheading. So the despot knew little of what was going on in his Empire, and had not even heard of the famine in Asia Minor. His favourite amusement was slicing the heads off turkeys, kept in a yard for that purpose—as a substitute, we suppose, for Turks.

One mania was a dread of fire. He had acres of houses pulled down, and an enormous palace built, in which not a particle of wood was employed—even the flat candlesticks had to be surrounded by a saucer of water. He had two of the sultanas bowstrung for transgressing this rule, and he beat and trampled on an officer's wife for the same offence. One night he escaped from the palace in his night-gown, and was with difficulty brought back. He lived in continual fear of poison, but still ate, says our author, eleven times a day, an enormous meal, selected from ninety-four dishes, always prepared for his choice. He made a common soldier a colonel, because he gave him some goslings which he fancied; and gave a foremast sailor command of an ironclad because he had a pretty cat which had

the good fortune to amuse his high mightiness. He had 800 horses and 700 women assigned him, and the former were often the better cared for. In one of the grandest tombs of the royal cemetery, a favourite—not wife, but horse—was buried. For a supposed plot against his tyranny, 600 women of the Imperial harem were bowstrung, and sunk in sacks in the Bosphorus by this monster—more brutal than even Caligula or Nero. He

Turkish Cemetery.

took a fancy to the yacht *Sunbeam*, and its owner feared that he would have to sell it, or slip his cables by night, or imperil the neck of some unfortunate minister by refusing to part with it. When this insane despot opened his own veins in his gorgeous summer palace, the world was well relieved of an intolerable incubus.

Mrs. Brassey had exceptional opportunities for visiting the Imperial palaces and private villas, and making the acquaintance of Turkish ladies of high rank. Their home-life was but

LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

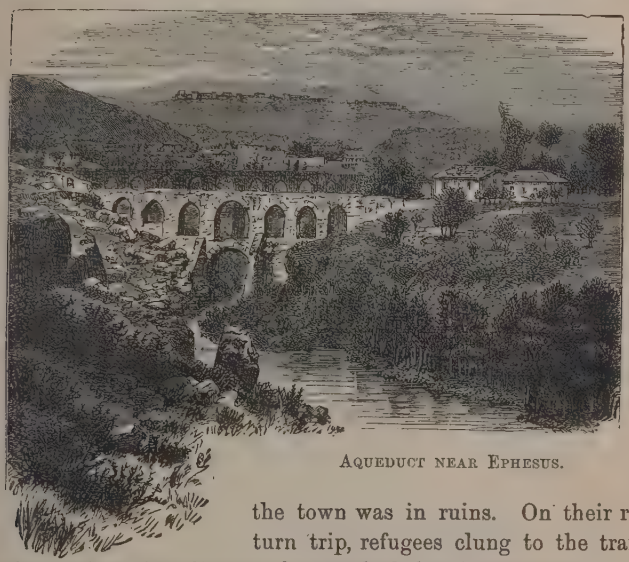
a gilded bondage. The splendour of the fetters made them not less irksome. "The priests try to make us believe," said one, "that there is one God, neither man nor woman, but a Spirit, and that Mahomet is His prophet. But how can we believe that, when everything is for man and nothing for woman? A good God must not be so unjust. He must be all man, and a bad Turk, too." But the fetters are becoming loosened. The yashmak veil is becoming thinner every year. Several of the ladies returned Mrs. Brassey's visits on board the *Sunbeam*—being the first visits ever made by their sex to a Giaour.

At the time of her second visit to the city of Constantine, after its siege by the Russians—for siege it virtually was—many of these ladies had proved their true womanhood by selling their jewels and devoting the proceeds to the unfortunate refugees from the war-scourged frontier provinces; 5,000 of whom were lodged all winter beneath the stately dome of St. Sophia. Mr. Brassey found 2,000 of them crowded on board a 900-ton transport. The same page tells how the Sultan sent a white cockatoo to Lady Layard in great state, in a two-oared caique, with a full-uniformed and medalled aide-de-camp in attendance.

In consequence of the forced sales of precious wares, the Jews were reaping a rich harvest—jewels worth nearly £100 bringing only £1. The city had also been greatly scourged by fires. In one which occurred in 1870, thousands of houses were destroyed, and 1,500 people lost their lives. The fire engines—or rather pumps—are almost worthless; and after racing to the spot, firemen sit down to be hired before they will work. The only scavengers of the streets are the fierce wolf-like dogs. They all have their own quarters, and woe to the unlucky dog who strays beyond his own. "He is immediately set upon and devoured," says our author, "unless he lies down on his back and puts up his paws in token of surrender." Then his assailants compel him to retreat to his own quarter. Decay and improvidence mark everywhere Turkish rule, and is seen even in the tangled neglect of their cemeteries, as contrasted with the beauty and order of that of the English soldiers at Scutari. Our own conclusion is that the "unspeakable Turk" could well be spared from European soil. Before leaving Constantinople our tourists made an excursion by rail to Adrianople, founded by the Roman Emperor in 105. It is grandly situated, has about 150,000 in-

ADRIANOPLE—BRIDGE OVER THE TUNJA.

habitants, and has many interesting historic associations. The famous mosque of Selim II., with the largest dome in the world, shown in our cut facing page 200, was built largely from the ruins of Famagousta, as that of St. Sophia was partly from the Temples of Ephesus and Baalbec. The place was crowded with Russian soldiers—Circassians, Cossacks, Finns, and others, from every part of the vast Muscovite Empire. Army trains filled the streets, and noise and confusion filled the night, and much of



AQUEDUCT NEAR EPHESUS.

the town was in ruins. On their return trip, refugees clung to the train at the peril of their lives, and many had thus been killed.

On the 11th of December our tourists started for home. The weather was inclement and the sea boisterous, putting the sailing qualities of the *Sunbeam* to the severest test. In all their journey round the world they had nothing like it. But they safely threaded the intricacies of the Archipelago, taking refuge from stress of weather at Milo. Indeed, the *Sunbeam* had several adventures on this voyage. On leaving Portsmouth, it was run into by H. B. M.'s war ship *Assistance,* and severely injured. In the Mediterranean, in a flat calm, it almost drifted into a large brig; and in the Dardanelles it ran aground, but was soon got off.

On the previous voyage, our tourists stopped at Smyrna, where

Polycarp was martyred, and went by rail to Sardis, one of the Seven Churches of Asia, and visited the ruins of Ephesus, whose temple of Diana was one of the seven wonders of the world, and was seven times burnt down and rebuilt—such was pagan zeal. Here were shown the ruins of the church of St. John, and, close by, his grave and that of the Virgin Mary. The cut on page 203 shows the ancient aqueduct, and the ancient city in the background.

At Malta, all the flags were at half-mast for—as the bumboat man averred—"one of the Queen's little misses"—the Princess Alice. Christmas was kept in good old English style on ship-board—presents and plum-pudding for all the men, and plenty of ivy and mistletoe in the cabin. At Marseilles the ladies and children left the ship and returned home through France. It speaks volumes for the cordial relations of passengers and crew, that there scarcely was a dry eye on either side at their parting. After visiting the fairest scenes of nature, it was still with feelings of delight that our accomplished authoress reached again her native land—feelings which find expression in the lines—

> Green fields of England! wheresoe'er
> Across the watery waste we fare,
> Your image at our hearts we bear,
> Green fields of England, everywhere.

A WISH.

THERE'S a legend old of the midnight watch,
That at sound of the midnight bell,
A voice rang out through the silent town
And the cry was: "All is well!"
"All's well!"

O friend, when thy midnight hour shall come,
With the sound of the passing knell,
May a voice ring out to thy weary heart,
And the cry be: "All is well!"
"All's well!"

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

AT THE MOSQUE.

ALMOST our first visit in Cairo was to the bazaars, in the neighbourhood called the Mooskee, where "the merchants most do congregate." This street is nearly a mile in length, and then loses itself in a labyrinth of lanes. It is wide enough for two carriages to pass, and is constantly filled with a moving crowd. Each side is lined with shops, filled with all kinds of goods, and running from it are lanes, which more properly constitute the bazaars. The street is roofed over for a good distance, thus protecting it from the great heat of the sun. There is not much need of shelter from the rain, as it does not rain at Cairo on the average more than seven or eight days in the year. We had one such day, and it put the city in a miserable plight.

The gold bazaar is, perhaps, most worthy of a visit. The passages leading through it are about three feet in width. Each tradesman has a shop about large enough for a safe and an anvil. Squatted on his little platform, he challenges the attention of the passer-by. The scene is a busy one, and the air is filled

with the clink of hammers. The whole process of manufacture is open to inspection, and one is surprised at the intricate and elegant work that is fashioned by their simple tools. Here and there may be seen seated a group of two or three women, conferring gravely or chatting merrily over the purchase of some little article of personal adornment. Of course the pressure in some of these narrow streets is very great, but fortunately the crowd is easy-moving and good-natured. Now it is a Nubian slave, black as ebony, that elbows us; now a grave but gaily-attired officer nearly rides over us; now a vagrant strolls carelessly along, dirty, ragged, and impudent; now a stalwart Bedouin looks on with the immobility of an Indian, or flashes into excitement as he stops to make a bargain; while through the crush and bustle, veiled women, in white, blue, or black, steal quietly along, as if ashamed to be seen. One misses the noisy rattle of western cities, yet the ear is charmed with the musical cries of the street, and the eye is delighted with the variety of colour.

One evening, strolling with two others, I came upon a scene that was both a surprise and delight. The street, close to a mosque, was brilliantly lit up. Overhead were awnings of gay Turkish cloths. On every side were little banners, and from supports were suspended glass chandeliers. The mosque was crowded with men. Each man, as he entered, uncovered his feet; and in the entry the shoes lay by the hundred. The sound within was almost deafening. There seemed to be a rivalry among the worshippers as to which could say the word Allah loudest and fastest. Then we came across a group of children at play. They were carrying lanterns, and marching to the sound of music played by two youthful bandsmen, when all at once a juvenile stranger appeared in chase. Immediately every light went out, and the little crowd of youngsters disappeared in every direction. The children of the East are good-looking, and seem to be a very cheerful and happy lot.

Before proceeding further, let us note some items in regard to this strange city. It stands not far from the apex of the Delta, having on one side the Nile, and on the other the Mokattam Hills. It was built A.D. 969, by the Fatimite Caliphs of Africa, who, in the year 1171, were dispossessed by the great Saladin; and his line was succeeded by the Mamelukes in A.D. 1250. It

occupies a space of about three square miles. The population in 1872 was 350,000, composed of Turks, Arabs, Copts, Armenians, Syrians, Africans, and Europeans. It is surrounded by a

CAIRO FROM THE ANCIENT CITADEL.

low wall, and is divided into different quarters, separated from one another by strong gates, which are closed every night. One

of these quarters is assigned to the Mohammedans, another to the Jews, and another to the Christians.

Our first drive was to the Tombs of the Caliphs. After riding through some of the narrow, winding streets, we emerged among the sandhills of the open country. Here barrenness and desolation prevailed. Vast mounds of broken crockery lay around, and the plain was strewn with these remnants of ancient civilization. We, at length, drove past a series of lofty, square buildings, crowned with domes, many of them crumbling and dilapidated. It was a remarkable collection of structures to be thus left standing by themselves. They are the monuments of generations that have passed away. We went into one of them, the oldest in Cairo, but, except for its antiquity, there was nothing extraordinary about it. This, however, being our first visit to a mosque, we were specially interested. It has within it the tomb of one held in much honour; and on a slab of stone we were shown what passes for an impression of Mohammed's foot, about eleven inches in length. These tombs are inhabited, many of them, by families of the poor, whose domestic operations were open to our inspection as we passed by. The women were unveiled, and were slightly tattooed on forehead and chin. In the midst of these venerated mosques is the annual gathering-place of the great caravan, before it sets out on its long pilgrimage to Mecca.

Leaving this quarter, we drove over the sandy plain to the site of On, or Heliopolis, the city of the priests in Joseph's time. It was not a pleasant drive. The sirocco was blowing—warm, dry, parching, and depressing in its effects. The dust flew in clouds. After a long ride, in which every one seemed to become impatient and irritable, we arrived at the city. It was like some of our western cities, invisible. "Where is On?" petulantly cried one of the party. "This is On," replied the guide, with emphasis. "It was here Joseph came to court the daughter of Potipherah." All that we could see of this ancient city of the priests—this seat of Egyptian learning, once visited by Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato, was a massive obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics. It was old when Abraham came into Egypt. The scarred veteran of many centuries, it is the solitary reminder of a greatness and fame that once filled the world, but that are now—

"Gone glim'ring down the vale of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

On our return journey we alighted to inspect the so-called Virgin's tree, a large sycamore, under which, so the story goes, the holy family rested in their flight from Herod's rage.

In the afternoon we drove to the citadel. Standing on a spur of the Mokattam Hills, it is the most conspicuous object about the city. In it is situated the costly mosque of Mehemet Ali, whose remains lie interred within. Its lofty, graceful minarets are visible from a great distance. Clambering slowly up the hill, we entered within the fortifications, and landed at the door of the mosque. Here we went through the customary process of covering the feet with slippers, most of them several sizes too large. It was rather an amusing sight to see the visitors shuffling along in this unusual way. The mosque has a large courtyard, with a fine fountain in the centre. The interior of the building is vast and impressive. The floor is covered with costly rugs, and the dome above is lofty and grand. Some of the pillars are of beautiful alabaster. There were no worshippers present, and only for the sleeping form of a man in one corner, we should have said that it was given up to the birds that flew to and fro.

Leaving the mosque, we were shown the yard or lane, surrounded by lofty walls, in which over five hundred Mamelukes were slain in cold blood. It was a terrible slaughter, and an act of deepest treachery; but by it Mehemet Ali not only secured his own position, but also established the peace of Egypt. A cruel, rapacious band of robbers, the country could well afford to lose them. The spot was pointed out where the sole survivor made his desperate leap on horseback over the wall, and so escaped. From the terrace we had a magnificent view of the city, with its crowded buildings, topped here and there with domes and graceful minarets. The long sweep of the Nile is visible, and a wide-spread tract of verdure, broken here and there by a stately grove of palms. In the distance are the ruined pyramids near Memphis, and the more stately pyramids of Ghèzeh, backed by the Libyan hills; while on every side, and far off into the distance, stretch the yellow or purple sands. We were then taken on a tour of inspection through the palace of the Khedive. It is but seldom used by him, and has a lonely,

unfrequented look. Its apartments are furnished in the usual style of Eastern luxury, silks, velvets, and laces abounding on all sides. Nearly every room has a wide divan reaching around the walls, soft and tempting to ease and self-indulgence. The state apartments, the halls for the reception of ambassadors, together with some of the rooms of the harem, were thrown open to us. The view from the windows is very fine. Before leaving the fortress we were taken to see Joseph's well, so called from Saladin, one of whose names was Youssef. This well is said to be sunk into the rock over two hundred feet. Certainly it is very wide and deep, and seems to contain a good supply of water.

We visited several mosques, but our most interesting visit was to the Mosk el Ezher, which is used for university purposes. We were politely received, and kindly shown through the large building, and were also permitted to inspect the students' scanty wardrobe, and to taste the coarse brown bread which is their daily food. This university is the centre of Arabic learning, and has in attendance every year, we were told, 20,000 students, gathered from all quarters. Private and public endowments have been established in the past for the support of poor but meritorious students. The course of instruction, while chiefly based upon the Koran, includes also algebra, logic, rhetoric, criminal and civil law, and theology.

Since the days of Mehemet Ali, increased attention has been paid to the education of the people. In our rambles through the narrow streets, we heard here and there the babble of voices coming from the primary schools. Entering one of these, we spent a few minutes in watching the children, as, squatted upon the floor, tablet in hand, the whole crew repeated sentences from the Koran at the top of the voice, at the same time swaying their bodies to and fro in a kind of perpetual motion. It seemed like a little Babel, but the urchins seemed to know what they were about. A good work is being done, we were glad to learn, by the Christian Mission schools. At Miss Whateley's, which we visited, there are in attendance 250 boys and 200 girls, of various nationalities. The work of the American Presbyterians is also quite extensive, their operations reaching to several adjacent towns. In Cairo they have obtained possession of a very fine property. Their schools are well attended, and at the Arabic

service on Sunday morning we found a large congregation assembled. The women sat on the left and the men on the right, and a narrow curtain, stretched the whole length of the seats, shutting in the too curious, roving eye. They claim to have gathered in twenty years a community of 3,000, meeting for worship in fifteen churches, with an aggregate membership of 600. They are not now oppressed. Indeed many recognize the value of their work. In one of the neighbouring towns the Christians were disturbed by the weekly fair, which was held on Sunday. They drew up a petition to the Khedive to have the day changed, and sent it in with doubt and fear. The Khedive, however, granted the request as soon as asked, and ordered the neighbouring towns to be notified of the fact. Christianity has yet a great future before it in the East.

We made a very interesting visit to the museum, where there is a remarkably fine collection of Egyptian antiquities. Sarcophagi and mummies, bracelets and necklaces, of every pattern, abound. Some of the articles are of a very intricate and costly character. The statues, also, show great skill on the part of the artist; and the whole display indicates that the civilization of Egypt in ancient days was not a thing to be despised by modern imitators. To most people a collection of antiquities is a very dreary sight. Even the mummy fails to amuse after a short acquaintance. But to one anxious to know about Egyptian customs, art, industry, and history, such collections are invaluable. Images, statues, mummy cases, scarabæi, seals, jewellery, articles of domestic use, all help to throw light upon the subject; and to one acquainted with the hieroglyphics, the museum becomes a most fascinating place of resort. Certainly Mariette Bey deserves great credit for this invaluable collection.

One of our expeditions was to ancient Memphis and the Serapeum. Leaving the hotel about 7 a.m., and driving to the station on the other side of the river, we took our donkeys with us on the train and started. The railroad skirts the left bank of the Nile, and is intended eventually to connect with the track laid in Southern Egypt. As we journeyed, we had most pleasant outlooks on the broad stream. White-winged dahabéehs, and one of the Upper Nile excursion steamers, floated by us on the calm waters. At Bedrashin we alighted, and mounting our donkeys, set out in search of the ancient Memphis. When

Herodotus visited it, about four hundred years before Christ, it was a great city. Strabo says that in the days of Christ it was next in size to Alexandria. A city of temples, palaces, villas, and acres of common dwellings, it covered the vast plain for miles with its splendour and its squalor; but in our century, until a short time ago, its very site was a matter of dispute. After riding some distance, we were told that we had arrived at Memphis. We could see no trace of it, until, on going down into a hollow, we found, lying on its face in a pool of muddy water, a huge stone image, finely sculptured and polished. It is that of Rameses II., a Pharaoh whose name often appears on the monuments of Egypt. There could be no better memorial of the fallen greatness of the city. The old Scripture declaration, "Noph shall be waste and desolate, without an inhabitant," has here its confirmation. Passing a few other small crumbling remains, we reached the village of Sakârah, whose inhabitants live in primitive and nearly naked simplicity. Then we entered on the desert—a desert of sand-covered tombs. Several crumbling pyramids rise tier above tier, but nearly every other work of man lies below the surface.

After examining some of the tombs, we were conducted to the famous Serapeum, so named from Serapis, an Egyptian deity. All around it once stood a group of temples, dedicated to various deities. Here also was the temple of the sacred bull. The Serapeum is the sepulchre of the sacred bulls, each of which, when it died, was embalmed and placed in a gigantic sarcophagus of black basalt. We descended into a long subterranean corridor, about 250 yards in length, with large chambers opening upon it. In these chambers I counted twenty-two huge sarcophagi. These have been plundered of their contents, and the tablets, to the number of 1200, showing the date of their construction, are now to be found in the halls of the Louvre at Paris. I measured one of these immense stone chests, and found it to be twelve feet in length, by eight in width and six in height. The thickness of a side was about a foot and a half, and each chest weighs several tons.

Near this, we went into the underground home of a gentleman named Tîh, who lived some centuries before the Christian era. Its vestibule and chambers are adorned with very fresh and life-like pictures of scenes common in his day. Devotees carrying

offerings of fish, flesh, bread, and fruits to the priest; hunting scenes; river views crowded with boats, fish, hippopotami, and crocodiles; trains of camels, donkeys, ostriches; household operations of every kind, are depicted in raised figures on the walls, and in colours that have lost none of their freshness. The region around is full of tombs. While we were at lunch in a small building, four men came in carrying a wooden sarcophagus they had just unearthed. The wood was well preserved, and was covered with small carved figures. After bidding adieu to these abodes of the dead, five miles of a donkey ride and five miles in carriages, brought us back once more to Cairo.

Another day was spent in a trip to the Pyramids. Taking carriages, we drove across the Nile by the new iron bridge, and then by the raised road, which brought us within half a mile of our destination. On our way between the rows of trees planted by the wayside, we met numbers of fellaheen going to market, with donkeys and camels loaded with grass and vegetables. Leaving our carriages, we waded through a short stretch of sand, and ascended the ridge on which are grouped these wonders of the world. We were first conducted to the Sphinx, that inscrutable mystery, hewn out of the solid rock, that has for unknown centuries looked into the East with a calm majesty that approaches the sublime. Its human head and lion's form once stood clear of the soil, and a small sanctuary or altar rose in front of it; but the drifting sand has so gathered about it, that now only the head, neck, and part of the back are visible. Portions of the face, and the greater part of the nose, have been chipped away, and yet one soon takes in, never again to forget, the commingled sweetness and majesty of its look. With a figure symbolizing the union of intelligence and physical strength, it was worshipped as a deity. Its length is 172 feet, and its height 56 feet. Not far away has been unearthed the foundation of an extensive temple, in one of the chambers of which was found the great red granite statue of Chephren, the supposed builder of the second pyramid. All about the rock plateau is a region of tombs, some of which the Arabs use as habitations.

The Pyramids next engaged our attention. The largest of the three covers an area of thirteen acres. Its vertical height is 486 feet, and its substance would weigh five million tons. There is not space to give a statement of the many remarkable mathema-

tical and astronomical data that have been discovered in connection with it.

Long before we reached the Pyramid, we were surrounded by Arabs, eager to show us the way, or anxious that we should have a good bargain in old coin, scarabæi, mummy-cloth, images in bronze and pottery, and other relics, and occasionally whispering the ominous word, "*Backsheesh.*" Arrangements were made with the sheik of the Pyramids that, for a stated sum, each of our party should be furnished with two guides. While the rest of the party ascended the Pyramid, I, with a young gentleman from Boston, ventured inside. The entrance is a few feet up the north face. The passage we entered is low and narrow, and we had to pass through it in a stooping posture. The floor is polished and very slippery, and so we shuffled and slid down the incline, with the uncomfortable feeling that we should surely be dashed into a jellied mass at the bottom. Our guides, however, one before and the other behind, had a good grip on the floor with their naked feet, and so we descended in safety. The prolongation of this passage leads to a subterannean chamber, down deep in the solid rock. Instead of following it, we were lifted into a similar passage, leading on an incline upward. Suddenly we emerged into what is called the Grand Gallery, and were once more permitted to stand upright. This passage is a continuation of the smaller one we had just scrambled through, but is nearly 28 feet high. It is over 150 feet long. Just at its entrance is a small horizontal passage, leading to what is called the Queen's Chamber. In a cavity in the wall close by us, is a large hole, the entrance to a vertical shaft leading to the subterranean chamber first mentioned. One of our men took a torch and went down this shaft, until a sudden bend hid him from view. Climbing up the Grand Gallery, we had a fine view of the immense blocks of stone of which the building is constructed At the farther end, we crawled through a small horizontal passage, and entered what is called the King's Chamber. Our torches gave but a glimmering light in the intense darkness—darkness caged up since the days of the Pharaohs—darkness that might be felt. The chamber is 34 feet long, 17 wide, and 19 high. The air in it, thanks to two small ventilating shafts, is not oppressive. In the centre stands the celebrated sarcophagus. Empty now, the question is, was it ever occupied? No man can

tell. There is no end to the speculations concerning it, as, indeed, concerning all the rest of this remarkable structure. The human ants have crawled all over it, inside and outside, and there is scarcely a creak or crevice but they have searched into, to discover the mystery of its origin. One point they have settled—that the architects of this building knew a great deal more about the principles of mathematics and astronomy than they have generally received credit for. We returned as we came, glad that we had gone in, but thankful that we had come out again in safety. What a relief was the bright and balmy air without, after the heat, smoke, and dust within!

After a short rest we began the ascent, which occupied about fifteen minutes. The steps are about three feet in height, and so require quite a stretch of the legs to surmount them. The two Arabs, clambering up the stone, take the traveller by the hand and almost lift him up. We had enough exercise that morning to make us stiff and sore for days afterwards. When about half-way up we sat down to rest. Here one of the guides opened the conversation by asking if we smoked, and hinting that a cigarette would not be out of place as a gift. His companion intimated with evident pride that he was above such vain and empty foibles. The first then drew my attention to the danger attending this climbing, saying that but for their care I might easily fall off and roll to the bottom; and then came a gentle whisper of that vile word, "*Bucksheesh.*" "But," we replied, "your sheikh has already been paid for your services." "Ah," was his answer, "that is divided among the tribe, and our share is very small." With a promise not to forget him if he should do his work well, we started afresh. At the top we found several ladies and gentlemen quietly enjoying the view, as well as they could with a crew of chattering Arabs around them. The top is about thirty feet square, and has several large blocks of stone upon it. The whole land was spread out before us. To the west lay the great desert, with the Libyan hills in the distance; to the north and south stretched the long necropolis of the multitudinous dead, marked here and there by clusters of pyramids such as those of Abooseer, Sakkarah, and Dashoor; on the east extended the fertile Nile country, a broad green ribbon between two deserts, marked in one spot by the faint white line of Cairo. While sitting there, one of the guides, on the promise of money, under-

took to descend this pyramid and ascend to the top of the adjoining one, of nearly equal height, in less than ten minutes. In a moment he disappeared; the next we saw of him he looked like a little child running across the intervening space of sand, and then climbing like a spider on the smooth surface of the other pyramid, where few even of the Arabs dare venture. He won his money and had a few seconds to spare. Then we turned to descend. It was a more formidable feat than the ascending; but after the first few steps one becomes accustomed to it. No sooner were we at the bottom than the crowd of dirty Arabs gathered about us, and the cry of "*Bucksheesh*" was heard on every side.

The market for black beetles, and other precious relics, was open once more. Any insinuation that these were modern, was met with scorn. "*Antika, antika,*" was the vehement cry. Had not they, the fortunate possessors of these treasures, taken them from the tombs with their own hands? Alas! our faith was small. Even the richest mines may be exhausted, and so some Birmingham merchants have found it to their advantage to manufacture and send out a few thousand of these souvenirs of departed greatness. As we turned to leave, the market fell rapidly, while the shouting and gesticulating increased, and in mercy to our Arab friends we hastened to our carriages, thinking that possibly we might be urged to accept their interesting relics for nothing.

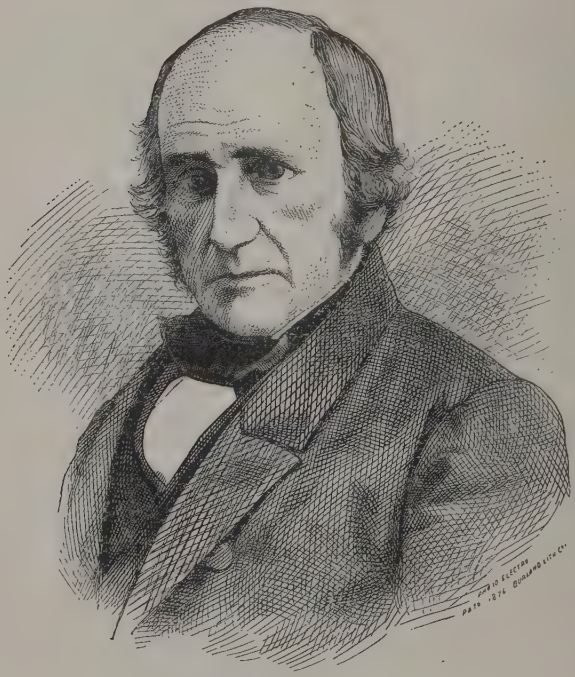
Our drive home was very pleasant, our course leading us past several magnificent palaces in the midst of fine gardens. Moslem rulers seem to have a weakness for palaces; but unfortunately the country has to pay for them when it can ill afford it. Thus visiting these and other strange sights in this strange city, we found the days pass pleasantly away. Beneath its cloudless sky, and in its balmy air, one scarcely notes the lapse of time; and it was with a sigh of regret that we took our departure for the land of Goshen and the Suez Canal.

The first part of our journey was through a fertile country covered with verdure, but otherwise flat and uninteresting. In a portion of this region dwelt the tribes of Israel, at first in peace and prosperity, and afterwards under the oppressor's rod. Halting for lunch at Zagazig, we there changed cars for the East. Our course lay near the line of the Sweet-water Canal, leading

from the Nile to Ismailia. We halted for awhile at the supposed site of Rameses, one of the treasure-cities of the Bible. As we advanced, the lines of the desert drew closer together, until we found ourselves in the midst of sandy wastes. After awhile we began to look ahead, and trace the course of the great canal through the desert by the masts of passing vessels. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Ismailia, a town embosomed in grass and gardens, which sprung up as by magic during the construction of the canal. Here we embarked on a small steamer, like one of our tug boats, for a forty-miles' sail to Port Said. On both sides rose lofty banks of sand, thrown up by the dredges, and shutting out any extensive view, except that overhead. The latter was brilliant enough, as the stars appeared one by one, and at length the white light of the full moon came flooding down through the clear atmosphere. The night, however, was too chilly to be comfortable. A little after midnight we arrived at Port Said, and were glad to lie down to rest in the fine *Hotel Nederlander*. As we were not to sail until the following afternoon, we had ample time to inspect the town. It is built upon the sands, and has in it little of interest. In it are located most of the workshops of the Canal Company; but the town is chiefly made up of restaurants, fancy stores, and offices. Few passengers care to stay here any length of time, although thousands pass by every year. The saloons were crowded with officers from the troop-ship *Jumna*, lying at the dock, and then on her way with reinforcements for the Afghan war. The traffic through the canal is of amazing extent, and is rapidly increasing. On our way up we passed by several steamships, tied for the night to the banks. Though the canal is chiefly used by the English, who were at first disposed to ridicule the idea of its construction, it must ever stand as a monument of the skill and indomitable energy of the Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps. After a stroll along the shell-covered beach, we embarked on the steamer *Ceres*, and as the shades of evening came down, sailed between the long piers of massive blocks of cement, out on the swells of the Levant; and as we laid our heads on the pillow that night, it was with the exultant thought that in the morning we should behold the Land of Promise.

MEMORIAL SKETCH OF JOHN MATHEWSON, ESQ.

BY THE REV. E. BOTTERELL.



JOHN MATHEWSON, ESQ.

THE father of John Mathewson lived to the age of one hundred years. He was an active and enterprising man, and was for many years an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Of his sons, three at least decided for Christ at an early age—Samuel, Lavens, and John. These were all active in the Master's cause, and were all known as total abstainers.

John Mathewson was born in Ardstraw, County of Tyrone, Ireland, in the year 1790. John Wesley had then nearly reached the close of his grand career of eighty-eight years. That great

evangelist and John Mathewson link together the first decade of the 18th century, and almost the last decade of the 19th. The exact time of Mr. Mathewson's conversion is not known, nor the instrumental means of his becoming a true disciple of the Lord. It is, however, known that his conversion took place whilst he was yet young, and before he left the home of his childhood. His early piety soon bore appropriate fruit. There was in it neither wavering nor lukewarmness. The social, the private, the public means of grace became to him as his meat and drink. Thus his new character was developed, his personal religion became strong, and his conduct was exemplary. He soon gained a place in Ireland in the great brotherhood of Methodist class-leaders, and was most faithful in its duties. He exhorted the impenitent, he relieved the poor, he visited the sick and those who were in prison. To one man who was under sentence of death he was signally useful.

Mr. Mathewson left his native land and arrived in Montreal in the year 1821. Here he spent the remainder of his long life. Christians in Ireland must often be much disheartened by the emigration of their neighbours. There is, however, an interesting and attractive aspect to this question. Emigrant Irish Methodists have become everywhere, in the countries of their adoption, men of fervent religion; centres as well as examples of Scriptural activity; agents of Church extension and of increase to the people of God. Who shall say to what extent the cause of God in this Dominion is due to Christian emigrants from Ireland? the land which, in proportion to its population, has exercised a greater religious influence on Christendom than any other country. As the centuries revolve, the benefits thus produced will multiply and spread, as the wheat once imported into America now every year yields harvests richer than a kingdom, and feeds millions in the Old World and the New. In the history "of the people called Methodists," in Ireland, the divine oracle, spoken in utmost love to the ancient chosen nation (Hos. ii. 23), has been marvellously fulfilled: "I will sow her unto me in the earth." This good seed shall be widely dispersed; it shall grow and bless the world.

Mr. Mathewson joined the Methodist Society immediately on his reaching Montreal. He neither hesitated nor delayed. Why should he? To Methodists he owed his conversion, and with

them, in closest fellowship, he promptly cast his lot for life. The favourable consequences are known. What might have been the dark issue of any other course we know not. He was soon authorized to resume his congenial work as a class-leader in this city, and in this capacity organized the first class in the Quebec suburbs, the nucleus of the present Lagauchetiere Street Church. The existence of this class led to the appointment of a preaching service, which was held in a small chapel in Gain Street, built in 1827, and afterwards in an upper room in St. Mary Street, fitted for public worship in 1837 by the Hon. J. Ferrier. Thus was constituted the congregation which, in 1845, took possession of the large edifice now known as the Lagauchetiere Street Methodist Church. For some years following, Mr. Mathewson had charge of a class in the St. James Street Church, which, up to the year 1845, stood on the lot at present occupied by the Medical Hall, near the Post Office. In that year he was transferred to the Griffintown Church. From that date thirty-five years ago, his name has been connected more intimately than that of any other with this honoured and most successful portion of Montreal Methodism. The church in Wellington Street being burnt, it was replaced by another on Ottawa Street, which was dedicated on Sunday, Jan. 20th, 1847. Sermons were preached by the Rev. M. Richey, D.D., Rev. M. Churchill, and the Rev. H. Wilkes, D.D. Never had the Ottawa Street Church a truer friend and a more consistent member than the venerable man who has been so recently taken to his reward.

As a class-leader, Mr. Mathewson's career was most successful. His address was gentle and persuasive. He was experienced in the privileges, dangers, and temptations of Christian life. He ever manifested the tenderest concern for the comfort and stability of those who met in his classes. His assiduity in caring for them was untiring. His wise persistence herein was one cause of his remarkable success. Of this, no better illustration can be given—none other is needed—than the fact that a list of those who had been members of his classes, and were "faithful unto death," contained 165 names. He, therefore, used to say, "I will not be an entire stranger on the other side of the river, by-and-by." But few ministers can point to a longer list of persons saved by their instrumentality. What a solace to him in his days of infirmity (and they were many)—the recol-

lection of so large a number helped on by him to the possession of the promised crown of life! He used to say, "One hundred and fifty, once members of my classes, I believe are now in heaven." It ought to be mentioned that Mr. Mathewson was the first class-leader of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, the honoured President of the General Conference. There are several offices in the Methodist Church in which the lay brethren may do Christian work to the utmost extent of their ability. Mention may be made of the office of steward, and that of trustee. To these offices Mr. Mathewson was duly appointed, and serving intelligently and faithfully, he was continued in them for a long series of years. By his personal liberality, his successful toil in collecting, and by his economic yet judicious application of funds thus raised, the Church was relieved, and its holy work carried forward without obstruction.

But local interests were not the only objects of his approval and generosity. He was a loyal Methodist, and therefore aided all the institutions of the Church, whether those of local or of general charity, or for educational or missionary purposes. To each he was a tried friend and generous contributor. Of the Sunday-school he was a warm supporter. For some time a day-school begun by him was kept in the basement of the church in Wellington Street. This was no longer required after the establishment of Protestant public schools. By his zeal in the extension of the Redeemer's cause, he endeared himself to the highest officials as well as to the ordinary agents of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society—both those who were occasionally deputed from the parent society in Britain to visit Canada, and those who laboured under its auspices among the widely-scattered population of this country, or on the Indian mission stations; Dr. Clarke, Watson, Benson, Jackson, and Dr. Bunting knew, loved, and honoured John Mathewson.

When the time arrived for the more thorough instruction in theology of the candidates for the Methodist ministry, he entered heartily into the project of a Wesleyan College for probationers in this city. He deeply felt that the rising ministry of our Church should be enabled in all time to come to stand unsurpassed in educational advantages by the pastors of any Protestant Church. The college for probationers in Montreal was

initiated in 1873. To that institution he presented the whole of his library.

To Mr. Mathewson was accorded, by a benign Providence, the rare comfort of celebrating, in the year 1874, the *sixtieth* anniversary of his marriage with the estimable lady who yet survives the loved companion of her pilgrimage. Their relatives, and a host of other friends, made that celebration even more than golden. It was one of great household affection, of devout worship, as well as costly gifts. The money value of these was not expended on himself nor his beloved wife, but it was consecrated to God. The interest of the golden wedding fund, for some years, was given to the Quarterly Board of the Ottawa Street Church. Then believing the Church able, by appropriate endeavour, to raise from itself means adequate to its own support, and desiring to dispose of the principal before his demise, he, of his own accord, divided it equally between the Wesleyan Theological College and the fund for the support of superannuated ministers. The sum donated to the College is held as a nucleus for the endowment for a chair in Biblical Criticism, to be called by the name of the honoured donor.

It was not by Methodists alone that Mr. Mathewson was highly esteemed. He was widely known and greatly respected by people of all Churches. His fellow-citizens showed their confidence by electing him to the City Council. In the Corporation as elsewhere, his aptitude for business became apparent. There had long existed a scandal to the Christianity of Montreal, too truly styled the "Sunday Market." This was not an incidental or small affair. It was a regular and large mart of household and family stuff, held in the St. Lawrence suburb, and was largely attended by the people; and with its adjuncts and surroundings was most demoralizing. Our deceased friend saw and deplored this evil. After encountering expected opposition, he fully succeeded in its removal, and the neighbourhood became as orderly, quiet, and reputable as any other ward of the city.

Mr. Mathewson received a commission as Justice of the Peace, which he held for many years. For a long period Montreal suffered great public disquiet, which culminated in sedition and fearful incendiarism. Large excited bodies of men defied the law and its administrators. On one occasion of this sort our deceased friend was of signal service. A multitude of resolute

men banded together for mischief. Terror prevailed on every hand. Mr. Mathewson obtained a hearing, and soon prevailed on them to disperse. He thus effected, chiefly by the weight of his character, a benefit which mere power of arms was unable to achieve. He was also one of those resolute men who, in 1829, wrung from a reluctant Provincial Government, for non-Episcopal Protestant clergymen, the privilege of legally solemnising matrimony, and of keeping valid registers of marriages, baptisms, and burials.

For more than fifty years Mr. Mathewson was officially connected with the Montreal Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society. The distribution of the Word of God commended itself to his patriotism and piety. He gave cheerful, regular attendance to this good work, and witnessed its growing efficiency with grateful joy, and was soon elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, a dignity which he retained to the close of his life.

It may easily be supposed that one whose public virtues were so conspicuous and acknowledged, would not be wanting in the exercise of a helpful charity to the destitute, the unfortunate, and afflicted. If all could speak on this topic who have been under obligations to his benevolence, their voices would be as the sound of many waters. Many of them by this time have passed from the realm of earth's poverty and toil to the land where the weary are at rest. Many of them, it may be hoped, have had the joy of greeting him in the cloudless presence of the great Lord, who has declared that ministries of kindness to His poor He will accept, acknowledge, and reward as done unto Himself.

As a business man, Mr. Mathewson was of a very active habit of mind and body, and remarkably illustrated in his course the Scripture maxim, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Very severe were his business toils, and very painful much of his business experience. Not less than three times were his premises totally destroyed by fire, causing serious losses, such as would, perhaps, have paralysed many; but with the help of that God whom he had served, he was enabled to begin again after these distressing events. One of these, as to its origin, was entirely inexplicable until an individual whom he had taken into his employment and befriended, on his death-bed

acknowledged that it was the hiding away of his pipe amongst some cotton wick that caused the conflagration. It was against the positive rules of the establishment to smoke. In the violation of this rule, and in dread of discovery, this man, who had once been active and useful in the cause of Christ, was thus the instrument of bringing a heavy loss and calamity upon the friend who had been so kind to him, and all through a habit that, in many cases, is intimately associated with debasing vice.

In conclusion, a few words must be offered concerning the state of Mr. Mathewson's mind during the latter part of his ninety years of life. He retained his mental faculties almost unimpaired. For some years his bodily weakness was great. His chief afflictions were rheumatism and deafness. By the former he was hindered from walking, and by the latter his intercourse with his numerous friends became difficult and restricted. His intellectual powers continued to the last. He read and wrote incessantly. His manuscripts were reminiscences of men and of things of by-gone years, and of extracts from the books that he carefully read. With him the most highly-prized volume, with which he was most constantly occupied, was the Bible. His copy of the Holy Scriptures is full of lines and notes in his own hand. These show how fully he received its testimony, and how full of comfort he found its exceeding great and precious promises. He much enjoyed the visits of ministers and of other Christian acquaintances. They invariably found him with his Bible close to his hand. The Divine Word mightily aided him in maintaining his faith in God. Upheld by that saving principle, he calmly awaited the final hour of his suffering, and the conflict which all must undergo with the last enemy. When reminded of its near approach, and of its eternal issues, he would composedly and thankfully say in effect, "The God of my life and of my mercy, who hath led me and fed me, and been gracious to me from my youth until now, will not cast me off in the time of my old age, nor forsake me now that my strength faileth. I have no fear." Thus serene, in the sure and near advance to the invisible—the eternal world—our friend rested in Christ, saying with Job, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come." It came on the 23rd day of October last, when, in the presence of his life-long companion and a few friends, "the weary wheels of life stood still." "He was not, for God took him."

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XV.

Resolutions and Addresses of the Canadian Conference in successive years against a Church Establishment and the Clergy Reserve monopoly in Upper Canada, signed and endorsed by the representatives of the English Conference, with portentous warnings, by the "Guardian," during the editorship of the Rev. E. Evans. In the rebellion of 1837 no minister or member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church was implicated, or even suspected of sympathising with it, though both ministers and laity were all advocates of equal civil rights in Upper Canada. Tergiversations and unfaithfulness to their promises of many members elected to the Legislative Assembly in 1836. Re-election of Egerton Ryerson as Editor of the "Guardian," and its objects stated. First avowed opposition of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee and their Canadian agents to the equal civil rights of Methodists and other classes in Upper Canada.

THE last Essay closed with an extract from the report by the representative of the Canadian Conference to England in 1833, in which the latter was assured of the support of the English Conference in its defence of Methodist rights, and the struggles for equal civil and religious privileges before the law in Upper Canada. It was then added,—"Four successive representatives of the British Conference, appointed as Presidents of the Canadian Conference, acted in the spirit of the foregoing report, and in harmony with their Canadian brethren from 1833 to 1839, signed in their official capacity the resolutions and addresses adopted from time to time by the Canadian Conference in maintenance of their civil and religious rights, and against a dominant Church Establishment in Upper Canada."

I now proceed to remark that it is needless to give extracts from these addresses and resolutions in succession. I will confine

myself to four years—1836, 1837, 1838, and 1839. I select first 1836, because I was not present at that Conference, being detained and labouring in England from December 1835 to March 1837. The Canada Conference of 1836 adopted two addresses, one to the Lieutenant-Governor, and the other to the King, both expressing the sentiments of the Conference on the question of the Clergy Reserves and Church Establishment. I will quote from that addressed to the King, abounding in expressions of loyalty to the throne and constitution, and connection with the Mother Country, stating the numbers of the ministers, congregations and adherents, and stating their claims to equal rights and privileges, in the following paragraphs:

"We also beg most humbly to represent to Your Majesty, *that we, together with the great majority of your loyal and devoted Canadian subjects, are conscientiously and firmly opposed to the recognition of any Church Establishment within this Province.* It is, therefore, with extreme regret we have learned that during the past year fifty-seven rectories have been established and endowed out of lands set apart for the support of a Protestant clergy; notwithstanding the wishes of Your Majesty, most graciously made known through the Earl of Ripon, that the disputes which had arisen respecting the disposition of those lands should be settled according to the wishes of its inhabitants, so often constitutionally expressed by petition, and through their representatives in the House of Assembly.

"We should not discharge the duty we owe to Your Majesty in the present posture of the affairs of this Province, did we not most humbly and respectfully convey to Your Majesty our full conviction, *that nothing could tend more directly to weaken the attachment of the people of this country to the Parent State, than the continuance of this system of exclusive patronage to any one Church; nor could any measure more happily conduce to allay existing agitation and dissension, and to produce a more affectionate and enthusiastic devotion to Your Majesty's Government, than an assurance that this system will be no longer pursued.*

"We devoutly pray the Great Disposer of events to guide us in all the affairs of Your Majesty's Councils, to throw over your Majesty, at all times, the shield of His divine protection, and to render Your Majesty's reign long, felicitous, and prosperous, and

productive of the happiest results throughout every part of your widely-extended dominions.

"Signed by order, and on behalf of the Conference,

(Signed) "WILLIAM LORD, *President.*

"WILLIAM CASE, *Secretary.*

"Belleville, Upper Canada, June 13th, 1836."

The Canada Conference never employed more decisive and energetic language against a Church Establishment in Upper Canada, and against delay and the danger of not settling it than in the above quoted address to the King, prepared by the Rev. E. Evans, and signed by Mr. Lord, the representative of the British Conference, and by the venerable William Case, as Secretary of the Conference, and transmitted to the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, then in England, to be laid, in the usual way, before the King. The editorials in the *Guardian*, by Mr. Evans, during the years 1836, 1837, and the first part of 1838, were in harmony with the Conference address above quoted. It is plain, from the language of the Conference, that the public mind was becoming more and more impatient and chafed at the delay in settling the Clergy Reserve, or Church Establishment question, and at the arbitrary and partial system of grants to the clergy of certain religious bodies out of the Casual and Territorial Revenue—these grants now amounting to $7,400 per annum.

At its annual session in June, 1837, the Canadian Conference again took up the subject, and adopted eleven resolutions on the subject of the Reserves, and of the Government Grants made to the clergy of certain religious bodies. The great object of these resolutions was, of course, to urge the immediate and just settlement of Clergy Reserve, or Church Establishment questions; but their immediate design was to protect and vindicate the members of the Canada Conference from the persistent misrepresentations made against them. The Canadian preachers suffered severely on account of the Government Grants to the London Missionary Committee, not only in their influence, but in their means of support, their adversaries representing that they were individually recipients of the grant made to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and were not, therefore, entitled to support from the members of their congregations.

The resolutions, after the most mature consideration, were *unanimously* adopted by the Conference, including the Repre-

sentatives of the British Conference and of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, and were never objected to by that Committee for two years, when, in June, 1839, Dr. Alder objected to the second, fifth and sixth, as interfering with the relations between the Committee and the Government, and requested the Conference to rescind them. His request was readily acceded to. The original objects of them had been accomplished.

But the *eight* out of the eleven resolutions were never rescinded, nor objected to—a fact showing that, even as late as 1839, the London Wesleyan Committee admitted and recognized the right of the Canada Conference to oppose the erection of a Church Establishment in Upper Canada.

The eleven resolutions, as *unanimously* passed by the Conference, were as follows :—

Extracted from the printed Minutes of the Conference assembled at Toronto, June, 1837, pp. 163-168 :

"GOVERNMENT GRANTS—CLERGY RESERVES.

"*Quest.* 21. What are the views which the members of this Conference feel themselves called upon, in the present peculiar and eventful crisis of the ecclesiastical and civil affairs of this Province, formally to embody and unitedly to avow, in regard to the great questions which relate to the religious instruction of the country, and our own rights and privileges as a Christian community ?

"*Ans.* After a very lengthened and minute and comprehensive investigation of the whole subject, the following resolutions were UNANIMOUSLY adopted :—

"It having been represented that there are dissatisfactions in different parts of the Province on account of certain grants made by His Majesty's Government to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London for the religious instruction of the Indian tribes and destitute settlers,—also on account of the unsettled state of the Clergy Reserve question ; and whereas vigorous and widely-extended efforts have been and are being made, under these pretexts, to excite prejudices against our Connexion, this Conference deems an expression of its views on these subjects due to its own character, and the feelings and interests of the Church of which it is the pastoral head ; it is therefore Resolved,—

"'1. That at its last two annual meetings this Conference has expressly stated that no public grants have ever been made to this body, and that it desired no other support for its members than the voluntary contributions of Christian liberality.'

"'2. That the sum of £900 sterling was granted to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee in London, in 1833, and also a further sum of £550 in 1834, by order of His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies; which sums were granted (as appears by official documents) without any solicitation on the part of the Committee in London—similar grants having also been made by the Imperial Government to Committees of the Church, London (Congregational) and Baptist Missionary Societies, to promote the instruction and improvement of the destitute in other Colonies. That the sums which were granted by His Majesty's Government to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee have been expended (as may be seen by the printed reports of the Auxiliary Methodist Missionary Society in this Province) solely and entirely on the improvement of the long-neglected aboriginal Indian tribes and destitute settlers, and in no instance whatever, either to increase or make up the disciplinary allowances of the Circuit preachers; and there is every reason to believe that, had no grants ever been made by the Imperial Government to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, either through the Treasurer in London or their agent in this Province, the personal interests of no preacher or Missionary would have been in the slightest degree affected.'

"'3. The correctness of this statement of the case is put beyond all possible doubt by the fact that no grant has been received from the Government by the Wesleyan Missionary Society during the years 1835, 1836 and 1837, and yet not a farthing of loss has been sustained by any member of this Connexion; although the field of Missionary labour may have been thereby circumscribed.'

"'4. That the members of this Conference, either collectively or individually, have no interest to promote in the religious and civil improvement of the aboriginal Indian tribes and destitute settlers, different from that of every friend of the cause of Missions throughout the Province.'

"'5. That this Conference, without any desire to interfere in engagements between His Majesty's Government and the Wes-

leyan Missionary Committee in London, cannot forbear to express its deep regret that, in consequence of the divided state of public sentiment, and of various misrepresentations which have been circulated, the several Government grants, commonly called "Religious Grants," which have been made for specific religious purposes (however benevolent the intentions and the feelings which have dictated them, however noble and Christian the objects for which they were intended), have proved seriously prejudicial to the peace and tranquillity of the Province; and especially as the continuance of them in their present form seems to have been made use of to embarrass the settlement of the Clergy Reserves.'

"'6. That as the continuance of the aforesaid grant to the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, in aid of the Indian tribes, as a charge upon the *casual and territorial revenue*, is one of the conditions upon which His Majesty's Government has proposed to concede the control of the said revenue to the Provincial Legislature; and as, in a message from His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor to the House of Assembly, bearing date the 18th of January, 1837, it is stated that a claim is urged upon the same revenue by the Wesleyan Society in this Province; and as the alleged existence of such a claim has been represented as impeding the settlement of the general question relating to the casual and territorial revenue, pending between this Province and the Imperial Government,—this Conference, with a view of correcting an impression so erroneous and injurious, *disclaims any demand upon the casual and territorial revenue*, and leaves it entirely to the unbiassed judgment of the authorities concerned, to decide whether any public aid can be properly and advantageously given towards the injured aboriginal inhabitants and owners of the colony, and, if any, to what amount, and through what agency.'

"'7. That it is the strong conviction and deliberate judgment of this Conference, that the interests of religion, the stability of the Government, and the welfare of the Province, require the earliest possible settlement of the long-agitated Clergy Reserve question, in accordance with the wishes and circumstances of the inhabitants; and that those interests have been very seriously sacrificed by the delays which have attended the proposed adjust-

ment of that question, so frequently urged upon the attention of the Provincial Legislature by the Imperial Government.'

"'8. That while, as a body of Christian and Methodist ministers, and especially in view of the affectionate reverence we feel for the honoured memory of our venerable founder, Mr. Wesley, we would conscientiously abstain from all needless intermeddling with secular politics; yet, at the same time, this Conference has, heretofore, as well by its addresses to His Majesty as through its official organ, the *Christian Guardian*, expressed its decided conviction of the inexpediency of the establishment of one or more churches in this Province, with exclusive rights and privileges,—however well suited such an establishment may be to the condition of the Mother Country, where it is distinctly recognized by the constitution of the Government, is sanctioned by various legislative enactments, and includes a majority, and is devised by the great body of the nation; that, in this expression of opinion, other religious bodies, and the majority of the inhabitants of the Province, through their representatives in the Provincial Legislature, have concurred by repeated addresses and petitions to the Imperial Government and Parliament; and that the continued efforts of certain members of the Church of England to maintain, and the recent attempts of the convention of delegates of the Kirk of Scotland to secure an ascendency over their Christian brethren of other denominations, who ought to stand on perfect equality with them, will, if successful, be in direct violation of those principles of civil and religious liberty for the maintenance of which this Conference still, as formerly, contends, as being essential to the peace, welfare, and good government of His Majesty's faithful and loyal subjects in this Province.'

"'9. That this Conference cannot, without a dereliction of the duty which it owes to the members of the numerous congregations under its pastoral care and instruction, and without a wide departure from its often avowed sentiments, sanction, even by its silence at the present crisis, the efforts which are employed to deprive them of those rights, and of that equal and impartial protection to which their numbers, labours, and long-tried attachment to His Majesty's Government give them an indisputable claim.'

"'10. That should any adjustment of the Clergy Reserve

question be proposed and determined on, which would contravene the principles laid down in the foregoing resolutions, and by which individual and collective effort can be combined for the religious and educational improvement of the country, the members of this Conference avow their determination not to receive or apply any legislative aid for their own pecuniary support; or for any other purpose than the religious and educational improvement of the Province, in such a way as may be in accordance with the views of a majority of two-thirds of the several Quarterly Meetings throughout the Province; before which the Chairmen of the several Districts are directed to lay the subject, as soon as the Clergy Reserve question shall have been settled by the Legislature.'

"'11. That this Conference, on the present occasion, reiterates the expression of affection and loyalty to our Most Gracious Sovereign; feels humbly grateful for the condescending and liberal expression of royal favour to the efforts of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and other friends of Christian education in this Province; and resolves to continue its prayers and efforts for the maintenance of the constitution as established by law, and the existing connexion between this colony and the Parent State.'

"'City of Toronto, June 24, 1837.

(Signed) "'WILLIAM M. HARVARD, *President.*

"'EGERTON RYERSON, *Secretary.*'"

It is obvious from the address of the Conference to the King, adopted June, 1836, and from the eleven resolutions above quoted, adopted by the Conference, June, 1837, that a wide-spread dissatisfaction existed in Upper Canada on account of the non-settlement of the Clergy Reserve and Church Establishment question, and that a fearful crisis was approaching in the affairs of Upper Canada; and that the feeling of discontent was greatly intensified by the unfaithfulness of many members of the Legislative Assembly who had been elected with promises to support the principles of equal civil and religious liberty in Upper Canada, as well as the constitutional prerogatives of the Crown and connection with the Mother Country. The High Church party appeared to subordinate their exclusive pretensions for the time being to the general interests of the country; but no sooner were the elections of 1836 over than the cloven foot of their old

exclusive, ecclesiastical pretensions reappeared; the settlement of the Clergy Reserves was postponed; the transfer of the settlement to England, by reinvesting the Clergy Reserves in the Crown, was proposed, and a sufficient number of purchasable members of the Assembly was found to exchange, by a majority of one, their promises to their constituents, for more or less than thirty pieces of silver promised to them to rob the people of Upper Canada of the disposal of one-seventh of the lands of the province, and set over them the Abimelech bramble of High Churchism; but the country at large were the more disgusted at such betrayals of their elective trust; the eleven resolutions of the Conference of June, 1837, quoted above, were among the public expressions of sentiment on the subject. The W. L. Mackenzie, or republican section of the Reform party, thought that no party would now be found to support a Government so unjust and untrustworthy; and, therefore, in November, 1837, unfurled the flag of rebellion, and attacked Toronto the 4th of December. But with the almost universal dissatisfaction of the people with the then existing partial and corrupt administration of the Local Government, there was an equally universal substratum of loyalty to law and authority; the country at large was loyal to the heart's core, and the rebellion was soon crushed. Not a minister or member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church was, directly or indirectly, implicated in that rebellious undertaking; all were loyal to law and legal authority to a man; and all were equally loyal to the principles of equal civil and religious liberty. But the High Church party were loyal to nobody but themselves, and to nothing but their own supremacy and monopoly, which, as Mr. John Ryerson states in his narrative, they sought in every way to turn to their own advantage, and to crush the Wesleyan Methodists as well as other loyalist reformers.

It was under these circumstances, and at this crisis, that the leading ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, including the representatives of the British Conference, solicited Mr. Egerton Ryerson, from his seclusion, to resume the editorship of the *Christian Guardian*, in order to "resist the oligarchy," and place the law and government of the country upon the broad foundation of equal civil liberty and justice to all classes of the population. He knew the magnitude and difficulty of the task before him, but he obeyed the voice of his brethren, and resolved

to do his best. It was not long, however, before his worst fears were realized in the development of a new element of opposition to the cause of Methodist rights and of equal civil and religious liberty in Upper Canada; the High Church "oligarchy" of Toronto appealed for help to the Hercules of the High Church "oligarchy" of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee, whose opposition was more formidable than that of the Toronto oligarchy, as it involved a defection within the Canadian Conference and Church, the character and termination of which will be the subject of the next essay.

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

IX.

THURSDAY, NOV. 14.—I render unto Thee my hearty thanks, O Lord, for Thy goodness in restoring me to my home, where I have been received with much duty and affection. I cannot but think that in this my return I have followed the leadings of Providence. 'Twas manifest, methinks, from my failure that 'twas not the will of my Father I should engage in the public work, but rather labour in my intervals of leisure from worldly toil among them of my own neighbourhood.

Some gibe as though I had been dismissed from his service by Mr. Wesley in disgrace; and others spread the idle tale, that after joining the Pretender's army, I have fled from it through fear, having in my first battle obtained enough of fighting.

This, it seems, is the Vicar's story, who talks big, 'tis said, of seizing and giving me up to the Government for a rebel. My running away, he saith, in order that he may put me to shame, doth but prove that I am a coward.

Howsoever, these slanders I regard not. By them of mine own household I have been welcomed as one given back to them from the dead. May the Lord, who I believe hath restored me to my home, graciously enable me to lead my beloved family to a knowledge of the truth.

Sun. 24.—O Lord, watch over us. News comes that the rebels are marching southwards fast, and that ten thousand Frenchmen have landed in Suffolk, and are hurrying to join them.

Wed., Dec. 18.—Fast Day.—This hath been a solemn day. The church bells rang, as it were with a warning voice. Neither here nor in Bath have I before seen so general a countenance of awe. The church was filled, and many who have hitherto held aloof from us, or openly mocked us, came to our services.

Sun., Jan. 5, 1746.—At church this morning the Bishop was present; and the Vicar, wishing, doubtless, to curry favour with his lordship, gave us a sermon against Methodism. We were fools, hypocrites, devils, rogues, all marked with the sign of the beast, reserved for everlasting burning. During the sermon I observed the face of his lordship expressing great disquiet, and in the vestry, I hear, he chid the Vicar, even before the clerk, bidding him never again presume to preach in his presence in the like foolish and uncharitable strain, under penalty of his severe displeasure.

Wed. 15.—This day I rode to Kingswood on my master's business. Wondrous is the work which God hath wrought there by the hand of His servants, but methinks, although in spite of the black pit mounds, it must be a fair country when the leaves are out, 'tis still the wildest part of the kingdom. The colliers seem to me of a wilder nature than the pitmen I saw in the North. They scowled at me as if they would fain stab me with the iron candlesticks they carry, stuck like daggers through their leather hatbands; and the lads hunted and hooted me through the winding lanes as though I had been a mad dog; nay, three men made attempt to stop and rob me in broad daylight. 'Tis strange the men should be so savage, inasmuch as the women who come to Bath market from Kingswood with their eggs and apples would seem to be of a kindly disposition.

The school stands in the middle of the wood. They showed me the sycamore under which Mr. Wesley takes his stand. Wild though the place seems, nigh upon a hundred of the brethren and sisters have walked through the snow from Kingswood to attend the Bristol love-feasts, going back in a body for their better protection.

Wed., April 5.—Mr. Wesley hath visited us, and appeased the contentions which had begun again to trouble our Society. I

esteemed it a great privilege to be again permitted to see him face to face, to profit by his counsel, and be remembered in his prayers; although his manner towards me be not so warmly loving as of old. 'Tis plain he thinks me guilty of lukewarmness; nay, he told me openly, he feared 'twas my example had proved a stone of stumbling to my family. I pray this be not true,—even the best of men may err; but if it be, may God forgive me, and stir me up to greater earnestness.

Fri. Aug. 15.—To-day our dear Hester hath left us to be own maid to Lady D——, by Glo'ster. I could have been well content to keep the dear child at home, until she found one of her own. Nay, but for her happiness, it would have well pleased me. I have no desire to part with my daughters, either to husbands or to service. Of one I have been bereaved. My wife say, "It is time the child made her own living," and when I say that she well earns her keep, affirms that she ought to have more wage than I can give her. Sarah is never at a loss for a last word.

But for her, Hetty, methinks, would have small desire to leave her home. She hath been much sobered ever since she hath been convinced by our poor Patty's silence that her sister must be dead, if she have not come to shame instead of advancement. I believe that the Lord is secretly working on my Hester's heart. She should not leave me, but that Lady D——'s household is small and sedate, and her ladyship one of the few of the great ones of this world who have set their faces Zionward. My master's business calling me at times to Glo'ster, I can see my child. My wife speaks much of the worldly advantage it will be to her to be about my lady's person; for this I care little; but I trust that her ladyship's companionship and counsel may be of profit to my daughter's immortal soul.

Sun. 17.—It is not often his Reverence bends to speak with me, but meeting me this evening on my way to our preaching, he would fain have stopped me, not as was his wont, by bullying words, but by an argument. 'Twas sin, he said, for me to preach, inasmuch as I was not a successor of the apostles. Methinks the foolish young man would find it a task beyond his power to prove himself one in any manner.

Sun. 24,—John Bunce, from Bristol, was here to-day,—a hearty honest man, and, methinks, a sincere Christian. He assured me,

that during a voyage from the West Indies he beheld the kraken, or sea serpent, heaving nigh a mile upon the sea. I cannot but believe him. Did he tell me anything else, should I not give him credit, and what do men find so marvellous in a creature a mile long inhabiting the mighty sea? Sure it hath room and to spare for hosts of huger monsters. It seems to me presumptuous for them who have ever tarried on dry land to declare that there is no such thing because they have not seen it brought to shore, making them out to be liars who affirm they have beheld it with their own eyes, honest master mariners whose word, even in matters of money, would be considered as good as their bond. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

Thur., Sept. 4.—I have seen my dear Hetty more than once during my stay at Glo'ster, Lady D—— suffering me to visit her house, and in her complaisance, as I lay not at an inn, but at a private lodging, permitting my child to come into the city, and spend the better part of a day there with me. I thank the Lord, not only for His goodness in keeping her in health, and giving her a merciful mistress, but for the work He hath wrought upon her soul. She cannot yet with full confidence claim Christ as her Saviour, but 'tis plain that the Lord is fast drawing her to Himself. Oh, how I yearn for the ingathering of the first fruits of my family. Then a secret voice encourages me to hope I may look forward to an abundant harvest. God grant that not a sheaf be left behind. Lady —— gives me accounts of my daughter's sobriety of behaviour which are most satisfactory to my mind. Her ladyship adds that in her household, wherein all are of middle age, and God-fearing folk, she hath little temptation to act otherwise; but, with deference, I have observed that the young who have not the root of the matter in them, are the more inclined to fly out into frivolity, as it were from contrariety and desire to throw off a yoke, by strictness of their elders.

Hetty reads much to her mistress. Her ladyship was pleased to praise me for having taught my child not only to pronounce her words with remarkable propriety for a girl so bred, and without gabbling, but also with due emphasis, so that she reads with understanding. Her ladyship appears a woman of much intelli-

gence. She is not of so great estate as my wife believed, and sees but little company; but I would not have it otherwise, for Hetty's sake. Her ladyship's fine kinsfolk keep away from her, because her words and ways are too sober for their tastes.

When my daughter passed the day with me, I went with her to the cathedral. Indeed, before I had not been myself inside. 'Tis a grand building, of which the columns are exceeding fine; but is the Gospel preached within its walls? We saw likewise the place where Bishop Hooper was burnt, in St. Mary's Square. By the City Cross a broken soldier with a wooden leg was begging. Hetty telling me when we had passed that 'twas Patty's forsaken lover (Edward Frith, as I have found his name to be), I went back, not thinking he would know me. He took my alms and answered to my inquiry, indifferent enough, that he had lost his leg in the late wars, like many a better man and a worse. But then, looking up, the poor drunken wretch began to curse and to swear at me by name at a frightful rate, and heaped such vile names on my poor child for the plight into which she had brought him, that I was constrained to turn upon my heel, having lost for the time even my wish to help him. Whatever she may have done, no woman in poor Patty's place can force a man to do wrong, unless he incline of himself to listen to the evil one.

Yet must I, for her sake, seek him out. Nay, ought I not to take pity on him as a sinner lost to all eternity if Christ save not.

Sat., Sept. 6.—Going out from the shop to-day to my dinner, I heard a shout of "Mad dog!" from many behind, chasing it, while those in front scattered right and left, striving to run into doors and entries. I for myself sought shelter, but chancing to see that one of the runners was Mistress Saunders, and that the dog was fast gaining on her, I prayed to God for strength, and sallying out, seized hold upon a stone and hurled it at the beast's head with so sure an aim and so strong a force that it knocked him over and dashed out his brains as his teeth snapped in the skirts of my master's wife. When I found that she was uninjured, how thankful I felt to the Lord for having suffered me to be instrumental in the preservation of that good woman. Nay,

doubtless, my providential presence was more directly brought about.

Though, after Paris, Bath be the politest of cities, yet hath it the roughest rabble. Cried one, "Th' old Methody hath but done it to curry favour with his master. He ud fain ztep into t'other old cheat's zhoes when he's weary o' his cheatun." "Nay," cried another, "if he wants th' old tup's zhop, he zhunna ha' zaved his wife. Thic wunna plazur un." I rejoiced that Mistress Saunders heard not their ribald talk. 'Tis strange, that mention of the shop. Hath any word got abroad of a likelihood of my master making me partner in his business? Methinks, whatever such vile scum may say, 'twill advance me in my master's favour to have saved his wife from a death so horrible; but God knows that 'twas with no thoughts like these I ran the risk of encountering the same.

But sincerely do I rejoice that by imperilling my life on her behalf, I have recovered the favour of good Mistress Saunders, which has been clouded towards me since, because I must obey the voice of God speaking to me by Providence and conscience, I made bold to disregard the wish, nay, nigh command, of Mr. Wesley concerning my giving myself up entirely to the work of preaching.

Sun. 7.—Alas, I fear that the devil is again among us. At the Society Meeting this evening, one, who hath never been distinguished for gifts or graces, arose confidently and announced the approaching end of the world. Nay, she had the assurance to proclaim the day—the 9th of next month. Some believe the vain young woman, for she is not so much crazy as conceited. If this prophecy led them to search their hearts, and walk more close with God, I could believe something in it, but it seems like to end in mere idle babble.

Mon. 8.—I have received to-night a letter from dear Hetty, which hath strangely moved me. She urges me to set out to her with utmost possible speed, and yet gives no reason for her urgency. For herself, she writes, she is in good case, and yet again urges me. I would she had been more explicit. I believe her not whimsical, but Mr. Saunders knows her not, and may think I ask too much in desiring to leave home again so soon on business not his own. I trust my Saturday's work may plead for me. In Mistress Saunders I shall have a friend. Go I must at

whatever cost. The child's words have stirred me with I know not what hopes and fears; I dare not write down my guesses.

Sat. 13.—O Lord, I thank Thee. Before I make entry of my late experiences, I would again record that I thank Thee with my whole heart and soul. According to my fear, I had difficulty with Mr. Saunders. When at last I reached Lady D——'s, and we were alone, poor Hetty reproached me by her look and by her tones for my late arrival.

"Oh, father," she cried, bursting into tears, "'tis my belief that Patty is in Glo'ster, and I had none but you to send to seek her."

Her words cut me to the quick. Who but a father should be first to seek his lost child?

"I could not tell my mistress," went on Hetty, sobbing, "for Patty's sake, for yours, for mamma, for all of us;" and again she broke down.

When she had recovered herself, she told me that being sent into Glo'ster on an errand for her mistress, she fell in with Frith, drunk according to his custom now, it would seem. Seeing that he knew and made to speak with her, she would have passed him, but he seized her roughly, and hissed into her ear that Patty was in Glo'ster. He boasted that her fine gentleman had turned her off, and then he swore that he would wring his neck; adding circumstances of vileness to my poor child's fall, which, thanks be unto the Lord, have proved to be mere lies. I pray they may be lies of madness. Did I think them lies of malice, I would not answer for myself. In any case the wretch must now run his course unhelped for me. Even in madness, to conceive such thoughts of a woman whom he had made believe to love! After speaking with my daughter, I made search for the fellow. When I had found him, he led me, willing enough, to a house in a mean part of the city, in which he said my Patty lodged. I offered him money, which he refused, drunkard though he be, saying with a short, bitter laugh that he would be paid for his pains by the thought of what I should behold.

As I went up the cramped, creaking stairs, I heard a woman's voice, not of upbraiding, and yet there sounded reproach in its pleading. She was saying that she herself was a poor woman, and that though she would not press for money owing, she must

needs have the chamber free to let again, so that she might pay her way. Then one strove to answer her proudly. Before it broke in sobs, I knew the voice. Past the landlady I ran into the room. 'Twas as I knew, my Patty. At the sight of me she threw up her arms, and, without a cry, swooned upon the floor. Her landlady, whose small claims were easily discharged, appeared sincerely grieved at my daughter's plight, and to feel for me in my distress. She gave good account of poor Patty's behaviour during her sojourn in the house, since her desertion.

When I had gotten the dear child to my inn, I sent for Hetty, and 'twould have moved a heart of stone to witness the meeting of the sisters.

At home, too, our poor wanderer was lovingly welcomed by the children, though with a certain strangeness. 'Twas different with her mother. She who most encouraged the poor lass in her folly, is hardest in judgment on its fruits.

O Lord, again I thank Thee on my bended knees, and with a grateful heart, for Thy goodness in restoring her unto us. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for the lost is found.

Sun. 14.—Instead of a rest, this hath been a troubled day. My wife hath spoken harshly because of Patty's wish to keep the house instead of going abroad so soon after her return home. Sure, 'tis natural, and a mother should be willing to screen her child. My wife says that 'tis her wont to begin as she means to go on, and that we cannot afford to keep the girl mewed up like a grand sick lady. If she hath sinned, let her bear the shame. But in this matter 'tis my intent to put forth my authority. Patty hath no desire to be burdensome to us, but to maintain herself by work at home with her needle, and I will see that she obtains it. Oh, may the Lord speak peace to her wounded heart, so that some measure of her wonted mirth may return. 'Tis sad to note my child, once gay as any singing-bird and as active, moping still and mute in corners.

Sat. 20.—This morning I received a letter from Lady ——, which hath distressed me. I had not suspected Hetty to be of an unsound habit of body, but it seems that from the first her mistress had feared her too weak for her service, this being all the fault she hath to find in her. She would fain not part with her, and hath her own physician and apothecary to visit her,

besides, says poor Hetty in her little letter which came inside her ladyship's, feeding her up with dainties, and granting her many indulgences. But 'tis plain she fears that she will have to leave, which is a grief to her, it being so good a place.

This news, which gave sorrow to us all, did so to dear Patty likewise, and yet methinks the poor child would fain have her sister home that she might tend her with grateful love, and pour her troubles into her bosom, as she cannot communicate them to her mother because of her sternness, nor to me by reason of my sex.

Mon. 22.—Mistress Saunders hath been exceeding good to my dear girl, providing her with work at home, and inviting her in private to her house, where she prayed for her as though she had been her own child. Poor Patty no longer scoffs at Methodists and holy things.

N.B.—During the singing at church yesterday I noted a curious circumstance. A snake crawled out of its hole under the reading-desk. When the psalm was over it crawled back. Thus at our services hath the devil oft seemed to have given up possession of my heart; but alas! he hath resumed his throne at the end of our worship.

THE PLAGUE OF DARKNESS.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

DENSE, huge, terrific, horrible, it comes—
A sable cloud as rayless as the grave;
Its ebon front towers like a crested wave—
A pyramid of gloom that all entombs.
Its breath, like death's cold touch, the nation dooms;
Their hopes are stricken, stricken are the brave,
The mighty tremble, and the timid rave,
Priests have no altars, Egypt hath no homes:
Hushed is the foot of time; no nights, no days,
No twinkling stars, no moon, heaven's gate is shut—
Earth stands appalled, the blackness shocks, dismays.
Their deity supreme is blotted out.
The nation prostrate lies in strange affright;
Their sightless eyes look up and wait for light.

HAMILTON, *Ont.*

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF GIDEON OUSELEY;

*OR, SKETCHES OF IRISH METHODISM.**

THE name and fame of the Rev. Gideon Ouseley linger in the memory of thousands of Irish Methodists scattered throughout the length and breadth of Canada. The story of his remarkable life has been recently retraced by the skilful pen of the author of "The Tongue of Fire." From that book we purpose reproducing some of the characteristic scenes of his heroic ministry.

This apostle of Methodism in Ireland was born in the latter part of the last century, in the town of Dunmore, county of Galway; and there he spent the first thirty years of his life. He was of "gentle blood," as it is phrased, which gave him a passport to the affections of the Irish peasantry. Sir Ralph Ouseley distinguished himself in the Peninsular Campaign, and once fought a duel for the honour of his brother Gideon, whose street preaching had been ridiculed by an officer of his mess.

The future evangelist, in his early years, was a typical rollicking Irish blade, full of fun and frolic, at home at a horse-race or a dance, and only too prone to the hilarious social habits of his class and country at that time. Shortly after his marriage, which was a genuine love-match, the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece in the hands of a comrade, who had been drinking at the village inn, destroyed the sight of one of his eyes forever. During his long confinement, his wife beguiled the tedium of his convalescence by reading the Scriptures, Young's "Night Thoughts," and other serious books. Though his outer vision was darkened, the eyes of his understanding were opened, and he became an earnest seeker after God, "if haply he might find Him." It is at this moral crisis of his life that we take up the genial narrative of William Arthur:

When a detachment of the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoon Guards marched into the cavalry barracks of Dunmore, it did not strike

* The following pages are compiled from the recent admirable "Life of Gideon Ouseley," by the Rev. William Arthur, M.A., published by the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. With the exception of a few connecting links, we give the very words of that fascinating narrative.

any one in the town that the event was to have any connection with the future religious life of Gideon Ouseley. But it had not long been there before the little place was ringing with the news of strange doings at the head inn. This was kept by Mrs. Kennedy, a Roman Catholic, who had a large room, called in the place "the public room," which she let to showmen, conjurors, and such other worthies as were candidates for an audience in Dunmore. Some of the new soldiers, headed by Quartermaster Robinet, came to inquire about the room, and engaged it for frequent use to hold meetings. That dragoons should resort to a public-house was nothing new, and as to what kind of meetings theirs would be, few people would think it worth while to guess.

But when the new soldiers assembled, there was something strange about their proceedings. Voices and singing were heard, and there was no drink. What could they be doing? The people of the inn listened, and others gathered; and it came to be credibly reported in the town that the troopers met to pray, and that they sang hymns and read the Bible, and did something like preaching. The quartermaster seemed to be a kind of parson for them, but he had no prayer-book. This was enough to excite a place more exposed to events than Dunmore. What could they be?

The clergy of both "Church and Chapel" combined to lead the laugh against the praying soldiers; but some of the people, perhaps, thought that the parsons themselves had better be more given to prayer. Some affirmed that the quartermaster and his band were Methodists, and the bulk of the people asked what was that, to whom the wiser replied that it was a new religion. But the great question was, What could lead men to act so? and each very wise man in the place had his own view as to that deep secret. Had they met for any kind of folly and wickedness, the town-folk would not have found it necessary to seek below the surface for motives. But meetings for worship! It was, however, remarked that, whatever else the men might be, they were *steady*.

The soldiers seemed open enough, and asked everybody to come and see. Presently one and another of the poorer classes did come, and the plain words of the quartermaster told upon both heart and life. But the oddity of a man in that military array, such as the cavalry uniform then was, standing up and

preaching, and that without any book to preach from, passed everything, and still the wonder grew.

Mr. Ouseley, of course, heard the talk, shared in the wonder, and adopted some wise man's notion that they had an underhand design, to cover which all this show was adopted. Still he wanted to know what their design could be, and no two agreed on that point. But he was so sure that there was something of the kind, that he would not venture into their meetings. After a time, however, he resolved to do so, feeling perfectly confident that he would detect "some design, some trick."

It was in April, 1791, that the powerful man of twenty-nine years of age, with one eye blind, and the other full of shrewdness and roguery, came in and faced the quartermaster, determined to find him out. With the one keen eye he watched every movement, and with both ears hearkened to the exhortation and to the prayers of Robinet, and of some of his men. When all was over, what had he found out? He was compelled to confess, nothing—not even a new religion.

Gradually he felt that he had done injustice to the quartermaster, and that, whatever he might be, he really had no design or trick covered under his appearances, but, on the contrary, was a true man. Soon esteem and confidence replaced his old suspicions. He invited Mr. Robinet to his house. Encouraged by the appearances in the place, the quartermaster at length appealed to the Methodist preachers to visit Dunmore.

Ouseley was soon under deep conviction of sin. "But," he said, "I must count the cost. I am a young man, and may live, say forty years, and to be under restraint all that time, as if buried alive, would be dreadful. I am not willing to undertake to be tied down to obey that book (the Bible) for the remainder of my life. Then I considered the possibility that I might die before the morning; and even should I survive for forty years, and then be cast into hell for all eternity! This decided the matter. I had such a view of eternity, of being cast into everlasting misery, never—never—never to be released! I fell upon my knees, and cried, O God, I will submit!

"Now," said I, "what shall I begin to do? I do not know, unless somebody teach me. Then three classes of Christian teachers passed in review before me. The first the Roman Catholic priests. No, no; they are a set of mercenaries.

Secondly, the Church clergy. They won't do; they are as careless as I am. Thirdly, the Methodist preachers; they look very smooth, but they may have some evil among them, and I had better not have anything to do with them. They won't do."

Some time in the month of May, 1791, on a week evening, after the Methodist meeting, the preacher invited any "seriously disposed person" to remain for the meeting of the Society. Mr. Ouseley had determined not to have anything to do with their Society; but he was now so anxious for every ray of light, that he thought he would try even what this might bring. Mr. Reilly has quoted his words, and they are plainly genuine, as he must have often heard them from his lips; "I will wait and see what they are about; but if I find any juggling, any Freemason's tricks among them, I will have nothing to do with them."

Thus agitated, and yet led onwards, Mr. Ouseley was nearing the foot of the cross. One Sunday morning, about the middle of May, 1791, when in his own house seeking his Saviour as he long had sought Him, he was enabled to behold the Lamb of God slain for him, and felt that the load and darkness were taken away, and that the long-sought peace had been bestowed at last. At the meeting of the class, the leader asked him, "Do you believe that the Lord has pardoned you?" "Yes; 'my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.'" The blessed Spirit had put a new song in his mouth, which all along the wind-beaten path he travelled to the grave was sung and sung anew.

Now, the news ran that Gideon Ouseley had joined the Methodists, and no doubt he was going mad. The change which had passed upon him was naturally matter of remark among all his friends. His wife was pleased with it so long as it remained within bounds; but the intensity of his religious feelings, and the absorption of mind which followed, alarmed her. His zeal was very objectionable, and still more so his Methodism. Could he not have gathered the strawberries without bending his back to that plant growing so low? Gradually his prayers, the frequent conversations she heard between him and his new friends, and the books that were continually in his hand, told upon her own mind. She, too, feeling that she was a sinner even as others, sought mercy as he had done. In about a twelvemonth after his own conversion, she became a partaker of like precious faith,

happy in the Saviour who had made him happy. Thenceforth husband and wife were as one soul. It would be very hard to conceive union more sympathetic and practical. If he was the one to brave the storms, she bore the cold; it is hard to know which to admire most, the husband in his labour or the wife in her solitude, so well did both fulfil the peculiar parts to which they were called by the common Master.

Ouseley soon began to feel a loud inward call to go out into the highways and the hedges, and summon the people to repentance. Even his private efforts brought ridicule. "I was laughed at, and looked upon as an enthusiast, and ridiculed for giving myself to such a people." But the call to go forth publicly resounded louder and louder within. What could he do? He felt that he neither knew how to begin a sermon nor how to "carry it on." The voice said, "Gideon, go and preach the gospel!" Then it rushed into his mind, "Do you not know the disease?" "Oh yes, Lord, I do." "And do you not know the cure?" "Oh yes, glory be to Thy name, I do." "Go, then, and tell them these two things, the disease and the cure; never mind the rest; the rest is only talk." "So," he would say, "here I am, these forty years, telling of the disease and the cure."

The parish burying-ground lay within view of his own residence. While his heart was full of these feelings, the funeral of a neighbour entered it. The wild "Keena" rose from the women and rung in his ears; and no doubt the whole bearing of the crowd showed that the mourning was, as he says, formal and ceremonial. The hour had come. Forth he went, entered the sacred enclosure, and began to address the crowd. "The priest told them not to heed me," he writes, "that I had lost my senses; but they replied to him, 'If you would hear him, sir, you would find there is good sense in every word he says.'"

Ouseley's father told him that he disgraced him, and insisted that he should give up preaching, or he would disown him. He gently replied, that to give offence was no design of his, but at any risk he would obey God rather than man. One day his father came to his house, and asked, "Where is Gideon?" When Mrs. Ouseley told him that he was away somewhere preaching, "He looked at me," she said, "and replied, 'I pity you, my child; indeed I do. That fellow will ruin himself and bring you to beggary.' I replied, 'Sir, why are you so violent against

your son? When he has spent nights in sin, and when you have seen him scarce able to walk home, you administered no reproof, evinced no displeasure; but now that he is striving to serve God, you speak against him and oppose him." But if his father rated him, he would not let others speak ill of him, and behind his back would say, "Gideon is right, and we are wrong."

Gradually Gideon extended the sphere of his efforts, pushing out to neighbouring places, and even into neighbouring counties, preaching in the graveyards and the streets, wherever he could find hearers. He sweetly used the Irish tongue, which won a way to the ear of the multitude as nothing else could do. He did not forget either the "Stations" or the wakes. The latter formed one of the most striking features of the community in the midst of which he lived. However poor might be the family at the "dead house," they were bound to furnish pipes, tobacco, and snuff for as many as would come, generally as many as the house would hold, and who spent the entire night in revelry. If whisky was not also provided, the people were mean; and if plentifully supplied, they were excellent. All the fellows in the neighbourhood who were wits, or thought themselves such, looked on the wake as the stage for the development of their talent. Whoever could invent the most boisterous sport was the greatest man. It was a theatre for the antics of which the grotesque side of the Irish character is capable, and for training the young to think that such foolery had a kind of sacred sanction. The anguish of the death-wail mingled, at least repeatedly alternated, with indecorous songs and jokes, and many a wild oath found its place between. Folly and vice were formally presented in the chamber of death, and installed there as if fit for any presence. This mixture of the deepest sorrows of humanity with the grossest levity was enough to undermine all depth of character, and form a people governed only by impulse, taking up any feeling for the moment, and trifling with them all.

Into scenes of this kind Mr. Ouseley would make his way, and kindly greeting the people, would, with solemnity and pathos, entreat them to prepare to meet their God. Before the interment took place, the scene at a wake was often varied by the presence of a priest, who said mass and collected "offerings" for the soul of the departed. On one occasion, as the priest was

reading mass, and the multitude were on their knees, Ouseley suddenly rode up. Dismounting, he knelt in the midst of the congregation with manifest solemnity. As the priest went on reading in a tongue of which the people knew not a word, the stranger caught up passage after passage, selecting, though unknown to his hearers, those portions which conveyed directly scriptural truth or solemn warning. He suddenly turned the words from Latin into Irish, and repeated aloud after the priest. Then, with deep feeling, he cried at the end of each passage, "Listen to that!"

As he was taking his departure, the crowd cried to the priest, "Father———, who is that? Who is he at all?"

"I do not know," said the priest; "he is not a man at all; sure, he is an angel. No man could do what he has done."

Long afterwards, Ouseley met with a peasant, and said to him, "My dear man, would you not like to be reconciled to God, to have His peace in your heart?"

"Oh, glory be to His holy and blessed name, sir, I have this peace in my heart; and the Lord be praised that I ever saw your face."

"You have! When did you see me?"

"Don't you remember the day, sir, that you were at the 'berrin' (burial), when the priest was saying mass?"

"I do very well. What about that day?"

"Oh, sir, you told us then how to get that peace, and I went, blessed be His holy name, to Jesus Christ my Saviour, and got it in my heart, and have had it there ever since."

One day Ouseley met a poor man on the road, whom he would probably know at first sight to be a pilgrim. He found he was coming from the Reek, as the majestic cone of Croaghpatrick is called, which stands on the south of Clew Bay, and asked him where he had been.

"To the Reek," was the reply—the distance being fourscore miles.

"What were you doing there, poor man?"

"Looking for God, sir."

"On what part of the hill did you expect to find Him?"

The poor fellow replied, with tears in his eyes, "I did not think of that, sir."

"When the sun is up, where in Ireland is the daylight?"

"Sure, sir, it is everywhere."

"So, then, it is about your own cabin as much as in any place. Would it not, then, be a strange thing for you to go fourscore miles, and bruise your poor feet so, looking for the daylight?"

The man paused. "Oh, the Lord help us, sir! and sure I never saw the folly of it before. I will never take another pilgrimage."

Another paper will recount further incidents in the life of this remarkable man.

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On the 25th of October, 1555, a very notable event took place in the great hall of the royal palace of Brussels. The most potent sovereign in Europe, the greatest Emperor since the days of Charlemagne, was that day to lay down his sceptre, and abdicate his throne.* Weary with the cares of state, Charles V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Hungary, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Hapsburg, Dominator of Asia, Africa and America, and autocrat of half the world, was about to retire from the splendour of courts to the silent cloisters of Juste, beyond the Pyrenees. The great dignitaries of the Empire, including seven crowned sovereigns, and numerous dukes, warriors, councillors and knights of the Golden Fleece, were present to witness this solemn event. The Emperor, enfeebled by disease more than by age, entered the great hall leaning heavily on the arm of a tall and handsome youth of twenty-two—the hero of this sketch, the immortal William the Silent, Prince of Orange. With deep emotion the Great Charles

* The great authority in English on this subject is Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," one of the noblest historical works in any language. Much light, from another point of view, is also given by Robertson's Life of Charles V. (Prescott's edition). by Prescott's History of Phillip the Second, and by Froude's History of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

announced his abdication of his sovereign authority into the hands of his son Philip, destined to bear forever a name of darkest infamy; and as he sat down he wept like a child. Even the icy Philip melted as he kissed his father's hand and received the sovereignty of half the world, and the sobs of stern warriors and statesmen filled the stately hall. Such was the august occasion on which the two great rivals, William of Nassau and Philip II., one the destined champion and martyr of civil and religious liberty, the other the incarnation of persecuting bigotry, first come prominently upon the stage of public action.

But the earlier years of William of Orange had been no unfit preparation for the important part he was to play in the great world-drama of the times. He was the elder son of Count William of Nassau, whose ancestors had exercised sovereignty in the Netherlands four hundred years before the advent of the house of Burgundy, and had even ascended the imperial throne. From his cousin René de Nassau he inherited the principality of Orange in Provence, and the title on which he was to confer such illustrious renown. To his godly mother, Juliana of Stolberg, he owed the pious training of his early years. Save the mother of the Macchabees no other has been privileged to train in piety and patriotism so goodly a galaxy of heroes and martyrs for their country as were William, Lewis, Adolphus, John and Henry of Nassau. Although the son of a Protestant, he was sent at the age of eleven years to the Catholic court of Queen Mary of Hungary in Brussels, and, as might be expected, was brought up in the Catholic faith. The keen eyes of Charles V. discerned the quick intelligence of the lad and made him his own private page. "He was thus brought up," says Motley, "behind the curtain of that great stage where the world's drama was enacted." He learned the art of diplomacy and acquired the facile use of the leading languages of Europe. As he advanced to man's estate he was selected by the Emperor for the highest duties, and was appointed, over the head of old generals, to the command of the army on the French frontier. In his eighteenth year he married Anne of Egmont, the richest heiress in Holland, and in his own palace in Brussels maintained a profuse and splendid hospitality.

Among the industrious and liberty-loving population of the Netherlands the doctrines of the Reformation had early taken root. In 1523, Esch and Voes, the proto-martyrs of a glorious

host, were burned at the stake in Brussels. They had many disciples, if not among the great at least among the thrifty dyers and weavers and tanners who formed the burgher class. Charles V., although born at Ghent, violated the guaranteed liberties of his native land, and became a bitter persecutor of the Reformed faith. On his abdication his son Philip II., the husband of Mary Tudor, Queen of England, of ensanguined memory, became Sovereign of Spain and of the Netherlands. He resolved to suppress every vestige of heresy or freedom of thought by that dread engine of tyranny, the miscalled Holy Inquisition.

The political sagacity of William of Orange led to his employment as the agent of Philip at the Court of France. While hunting one day in the forest of Vincennes, with King Henry II., that perfidious sovereign disclosed to him a hideous plot to exterminate heresy throughout the realms of both France and Spain by exterminating the "accursed vermin," heretics. Although his soul recoiled, horror-struck from the hideous plot, yet no words of weak surprise or futile remonstrance escaped his lips. From this circumstance and from his habitual reserve he gained the name, by which he is best known in history, of William the Silent. From that hour he set himself deliberately to counter-work the policy of blood of the two great Catholic powers of Europe. During a gallant holiday tourney, a splinter from the lance of Montgomery piercing the brain of the King of France, frustrated for a time his fell purpose. But his cold-blooded successor, Charles IX., by the dread massacre of St. Batholomew, only too well achieved the fell design. After the death of his Tudor wife and of his father, Charles V., in 1558 Philip left the Netherlands to ascend the Spanish throne. The regency of the Low Countries he assigned to his half-sister, Margaret of Parma, and demanded of the Estates of the Netherlands a tribute of 3,000,000 florins before he left the country. The Estates offered to furnish the sum, large as it was, on the express condition of the removal of the Spanish troops with whom Philip had occupied the strongholds of the chief cities. As William of Orange accompanied his suzerain to the fleet which lay at Flushing, the angry monarch wrung him fiercely by the wrist and hissed unto his ear the upbraiding words "No los estados, ma vos, vos, vos"—"Not the Estates but you, *you*, YOU."

Margaret of Parma set herself to carry out the persecuting

policy of Philip. The Spanish troops were retained and the number of bishops of the papal hierarchy was increased. But the province refused to pay a stiver while the obnoxious troops remained and the financial necessities of Philip compelled, after fourteen months, their reluctant withdrawal.

The presence of Cardinal Granvelle, the papal archbishop, who was the instrument of Philip's persecution, was utterly distasteful to the people. He was bitterly lampooned and caricatured by the "guilds of rhetoric," and on the urgent demand of Orange and Counts Egmont and Horn, was compelled to retire. The persecution, however, continued till Orange estimated that not less than 50,000 persons in the Netherlands had suffered death for conscience sake, and 30,000 of the best artisans in the country had fled to England. A patriotic league was formed to resist this tyranny, and a deputation of Flemish nobles waited on Regent Margaret to demand its surcease, but they were rudely repulsed. "Is your highness afraid of these beggars?" insultingly asked one of her counsellors.

That night at a banquet of the league, Count Brederode told the story of the insult. "They call us beggars," he exclaimed, "let us accept the name! We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack." Then hanging a beggar's wallet around his neck, he took a wooden bowl of wine, drank it at a draught and shouted "Vivent les gueux"—"Long live the beggars." The shout ran round the table and shook the solid walls as it afterwards shook the earth—"a watch-word," says Motley, "which was to ring over land and sea, in blazing cities, and on blood-stained decks, and through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field." A beggar's dress of ash-grey frieze, leathern wallet and wooden bowls, became the fashionable costume; and medals and buttons were made, bearing the motto "Faithful to the King even to wearing the beggar's sack." The persecuted Protestants, denied the right of worship in the towns, assembled in great crowds in the meadows without the walls, first at night, then in open day. Thus ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand persons gathered at St. Trond, at Tournay, at Antwerp, around the preachers, who, with a price of 7,000 crowns upon their head, proclaimed the Word of God.

The long-oppresed people began to realize their strength, and

soon broke out in acts of image-breaking violence. One sultry day in August, 1566, a magnificent procession in honour of the Virgin Mary issued from the portals of the great cathedral of Antwerp, priests, acolytes, choristers, knights with blazoned banners, halberdiers in arms, citizens and soldiers, all marching to the sound of trumpet and beat of drum, escorting a bedizened image—just as may still be often seen in that old historic city. "Mayken! Mayken!" (little Mary) cried the mob, "your hour has come. 'Tis your last promenade. The city is tired of you." The procession soon returned to the church, and the image was placed behind a strong iron screen. "Mayken! art thou terrified so soon?" jeered the mob. Instead of evening vespers, the music of a psalm, chanted by a thousand voices, rang through the dim and lofty vaults. Then, with axes, hammers, ropes, pulleys, and levers, every statue, image, picture, and painted window was shivered to atoms. Through the narrow streets rushed the stern iconoclasts, with blazing torches, shouting "Long live the Beggars," and before morning thirty churches within the city were sacked. Throughout the Netherlands the wild scene was repeated, till scarce an image could be found in all the land. But not a single life was lost, and of all the jewels and gold and silver plate that strewed the ground, not a stiver's worth was stolen. Many of the preachers opposed the image-breaking, and Orange, who was still a Catholic, strongly rebuked it. When Philip, in his palace at Madrid, heard of the outbreak, he tore his tawny beard in rage, and swore "By the soul of my father, it shall cost them dear."

But the silent Guardian of the Netherlands made it his business to watch and circumvent the truculent designs of its sovereign, who was also its worst foe. "Men of leisure," he said, "might study the secrets of nature; it was his task to study the hearts of kings." He had his secret agents at Madrid, and the most private correspondence and almost the inmost thoughts of Philip lay open to the eyes of his great antagonist. The next movement of Philip was to send Alva, the greatest captain of Christendom, with an army of Spanish veterans, to maintain the Inquisition and establish his "Council of Blood." He had secret orders to arrest the Prince of Orange at once, and "not to let his trial last more than twenty-four hours." Of the issue of such a trial there could be no doubt. But the Prince had

already retired for the time to his ancestral seat at Dillembourg, in Germany, so as to be better able to raise forces and act aggressively against the enemy of his country.

The portrait of Alva, at Brussels, shows in the thin lips and cruel eyes the cold, stern, remorseless persecutor. No name is so execrated throughout the Netherlands to the present day. "Such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness," says Motley, "were never found in a savage beast, and but rarely in a human bosom." "I have tamed men of iron," he grimly said; "shall I not easily crush these men of butter?" He found it a sterner task than any he had before attempted. Failing to capture the Prince of Orange, he kidnapped his son and sent him as a hostage to Madrid. He invited Counts Egmont and Horn, two leading Flemish nobles, to a banquet, and flung them into prison, only to come forth to the scaffold.

In the great square of Brussels, one of the noblest in Europe, in front of the stately Hotel de Ville, with its exquisite spire soaring like a fountain four hundred feet in the air; with its splendid guild houses all around, these two noble victims died, and their heads were sent to Madrid for the cruel Philip to gloat upon.

"Has Wise William the Taciturn been taken?" asked Cardinal Granvelle. Being told he had escaped, he replied, "Then they have taken no one. His capture would be more important than that of every other man in the Netherlands." The Blood Council made quick work with heresy. To read the Bible, to sing Marot's hymns, to hear preaching—or to be suspected of these crimes—was to invoke the swift sentence of death. "The whole country," says Motley, "became a charnel house. The death-bell tolled hourly in every village; columns and stakes in every street; the fences in the field, the trees in the orchards, were laden with human carcasses, strangled, burned, beheaded." By scores and almost by hundreds at a time, the noblest heads in the Netherlands were shorn away. Orange and his brother Louis were cited before the Council, and, in default of their appearance, were placed as traitors under the ban of death, and their estates were confiscated.

The Prince of Orange now put forth every effort to raise troops for the "Freedom of Fatherland and Conscience"—the motto emblazoned on his banners. His brother Louis in the first en-

counter routed the Spanish General; but in the onset his brother Adolphus was slain. Soon after, Louis was defeated with the loss of 7,000 patriot troops. The Prince of Orange had hitherto been a nominal Roman Catholic. His religious convictions, and especially his advanced opinions of toleration and liberty of conscience, then almost unknown to either Catholic or Calvinist, led to his final breach with Rome and adoption of Protestant principles. "We take up arms," he declared, "to oppose the tyranny of the Spaniards by the help of a merciful God, who is the enemy of all blood-thirstiness." He roused the energies of the war-wasted Provinces for a final effort to expel their hated tyrants, pawning even his private plate to raise money. The wild Beggars of the Sea captured Spanish ships and troops and treasure. Patriot armies were mustering, and the aid of their Huguenot allies from France was daily expected; and Orange already rejoiced that "the Netherlands were free."

But now a tragedy occurred that shattered his high hopes to the dust—a tragedy whose tidings smote the brave soul of Orange, he declared, "as if he had been felled with a sledge-hammer." The dread massacre of St. Bartholomew paralyzed the arm of Huguenot France, and roused to intenser fury the persecuting rage of Alva. Orange retreated to Holland to take amid its amphibious fields his last stand. "There," he wrote to his brother John, "there will I make my sepulchre." The remorseless Alva "cried 'havoc' and let slip the dogs of war." He gave up to sack and pillage the rich Flemish cities and their hapless inhabitants. Murder, lust and rapine held their hellish revelry. At Mechlin, after three day's sack, "scarce a nail was left in a wall." Without regard to age or sex, the hapless victims were ruthlessly butchered. A Spanish writer says, "his hair stood on end even at *remembering* the scene." Three thousand Spanish soldiers waded ten miles across an estuary, in water shoulder high, in the face of a rising tide, to attack a patriot army at Tergoes. At Zutphen, Alva commanded to leave not a man alive. "A wail of agony arose," wrote Count Niewenar, "as of a mighty massacre." Five hundred burghers tied back to back were drowned like dogs in the Yssel. At Naarden were enacted scenes surpassing the atrocities of the Sepoys at Cawnpore—scenes that our pen refuses to record.

In the half-drowned lands of Holland the death-struggle of

the Dutch patriots with their foe took place.* The siege of Haarlem is memorable forever for the fierceness of the assault, the valour of its defence, and the cruelty of its conquest. On the 10th of December, 1572, 30,000 Spaniards invested the town, defended only by 3,000 fighting men and a brigade of 300 fighting women enrolled under Widow Haselair. On skates and sleds, during the short days and long nights, refugees with scanty stores of food flocked to the city from the neighbouring hamlets. In three days 2,000 cannon balls battered the walls. But men, women and children wrought day and night repairing the breaches with bags of sand, blocks of stone, and even the sculptured saints from the churches. When the assault was made, the tocsin rang; the whole population swarmed to the walls; stones, boiling oil, live-coals were hurled on the invaders; and burning hoops smeared with pitch were thrown upon their necks. Even Spanish ferocity recoiled under such resistance, and the bugles sounded a retreat which left 400 Spanish soldiers dead in the ditch. Then mines and counter-mines were dug beneath the walls. Spaniard and Netherlander met daily in deadly combat in the bowels of the earth, their daggers gleaming in the feeble lantern light, and often the explosion of a mine hurled a volcano of fire and mangled bodies high in air. "They seemed the conflicts not of men, but of evil spirits."

As the weary weeks dragged on, famine added its terrors to those of war and disease. The famishing people sustained life on dogs, cats, and unclean vermin; on shoe leather and horses' hides; on nettles and grass from the grave-yards. On March 25th, 1,000 of the besieged dashed out, slew 800 of their foes, and captured many waggon-loads of food. Again and again, first on sleds, then by boats, William of Orange tried to throw supplies of bread and powder into the beleaguered town. But the watchful Spaniards shot the carrier-pigeons which bore his despatches, intercepted his messages of cheer, and captured the needed supplies and reinforcements. All that dreary winter the gibbets in the Spanish camp bore their ghastly freight of patriot victims, and often their heads were thrown with derisive taunts within the walls. Equally stern reprisals were practised by the besieged. A

* On the ice at Amsterdam a company of skaters routed the Spanish arquebusiers. Alva forthwith ordered 7,000 pairs of skates for his army.

last letter written in blood was sent to the Prince of Orange beseeching relief, and the same day, in the derision of despair, they threw their last few loaves of bread into the Spanish camp. A pigeon brought the message for them to hold out for two days longer, while the Prince made a last effort for their succour; but the effort was baffled. The relief column was defeated; a heroic attempt to cut Alva's lines was frustrated. A single Dutchman on a dyke, like Horatius on the bridge, held a thousand men at bay. But all in vain. The black flag of despair was raised on the cathedral tower, and the famine-stricken garrison were prepared to hew their way through the enemy or to fire the town and perish in the flames. Dreading such a bootless victory, the besiegers offered generous terms of capitulation, pledging their Spanish honour for their observance. But Spanish perfidy triumphed. Twelve hundred of the garrison and as many citizens, including the Protestant clergy, were butchered in cold blood. But twelve thousand of the besieging army had perished in that seven months' leaguer; and all the treasures of the New World are inadequate to pay the cost of the Spanish conquest of scarce half of this amphibious land.* This capture and massacre we are told gave Philip "unbounded delight;" but the Spanish secretary wrote him, "This people abhor our nation worse than they abhor the devil."

Alkmaar was the next place attacked by Alva. "If I take it," he wrote to Philip, "I will put a knife to every man's throat." "Be not dismayed," wrote Orange to the commandant; "before I took up the cause of the oppressed Christians of these provinces I entered into an alliance with the King of kings, and I am persuaded that He will do battle for us." At the same time he prepared to cut the dykes and lay the country under water, which the Spaniards learning, they at once raised the siege; and shortly after, followed by the execrations, the bitter lampoons and satires of the people, Alva left the Netherlands. The delight of the nation was unbounded, and found

* In these happier days, the old ramparts, the scene of this heroic defence, present a quiet and grass-grown promenade; but in the old Groote Kirk may still be seen the Spanish balls, and in the Museum is a picture of the momorable siege, wherein ten thousand of the people perished.

expression in universal rejoicing and songs of thanksgiving.* But Spain still held the country in an iron grip, and her troops "ate the land like a swarm of locusts." Count Louis, of Nassau, raised an army to expel, if possible, the invaders. A battle took place. The patriots were at first victorious, but fell into confusion. Counts Louis and Henry, of Nassau, the brothers of Orange, were both slain, and their bodies were trampled by the hoofs of the horses beyond recognition. The Prince himself lay ill at Delft. Leyden was besieged, but the peasants of Holland and Zealand declared, "As long as there is a living man left in the country, we will fight for our liberty and religion." Now followed one of the most heroic resolves in history. "Better a *drowned* land," they said, "than a *lost* land," and they deliberately cut the great sea dykes which kept the ocean at bay, and let its waves overwhelm their fertile fields, and pleasant homes and villages.

It was fifteen miles from Leyden to the sea. The city was besieged by 8,000 Spaniards, occupying sixty-two redoubts. Two hundred vessels, manned by wild "Beggars of the Sea," must fight their way over the submerged meadows to raise the siege. "As well can William of Orange pluck the stars from heaven," jeered the besiegers, "as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden;" but soon the waves, creeping among their tents, told them of its approach. A shot-proof vessel, moved by paddle wheels worked by cranks, led the way, and was followed by all the fleet. When within five miles of Leyden a west wind drove back the sea, and the fleet was aground. The famishing towns-people beheld the stores of food, but between it and them were the terrible Spanish redoubts. The famine was worse than even that of Haarlem. "Pestilence also stalked through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe." A few

* The following is a popular example :—

The Spanish Inquisition, without intermission,
The Spanish Inquisition has drunk our blood ;
The Spanish Inquisition, may God's malediction,
Blast the Spanish Inquisition and all her brood !

Long live the Beggars ! wilt thou Christ's word cherish ?
Long live the Beggars ! be bold of heart and hand :
Long live the Beggars ! God will not see thee perish ;
Long live the Beggars ! O noble Christian band.

of the faint-hearted upbraided the burgomaster for his stubbornness in refusing to yield. "What would ye, my friends?" he calmly answered. "I can die but once. My life is in your hands. Here is my sword. Plunge it into my heart. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender while I remain alive," and he shamed the malcontents into fresh courage. "Ye call us cat-and-dog-eaters," cried the warders on the wall to the enemy, "and it is true. Know, then, that while ye can hear a cat mew or a dog bark in the city, it will not surrender. And when the last hour has come we will fire our houses and perish with our wives and children in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted, and our liberties to be crushed." Leyden was sublime in its despair. The brave patriots watched with eagerness the vanes on the church spires, and like the besieged in Londonderry a century later, prayed for a "Protestant wind."

At the autumnal equinox a violent gale brought a high tide over the drowned land. At midnight the fleet sailed amid storm and darkness. A fierce battle took place among the orchards and chimney stacks of the submerged villages. The wild Zealanders harpooned by hundreds the Spanish men-at-arms with a skill acquired in many a polar chase; and leaping into the waves shouldered their vessels over the dykes. But still the last line of Spanish redoubts was unassailed, and again the tide had turned. "Yonder," cried the brave burgomaster to the famine-wasted town-folk, "behind that fort are bread and meat and brethren in thousands." "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," they replied, "before the relief so long expected shall be wrested from us;" and through the long hours of darkness the town, the fort, the fleet waited for the lingering dawn. During the night strange lights were seen gliding over the waves; and the wall of the town, sapped by the sea, fell with a crash, leaving it defenceless to the foe. But when daylight came the Spanish forts were empty. The garrison had fled along the crumbling dykes by the faint light of their lanterns. The fleet swept up to the walls, and after its ten months' siege Leyden was relieved. Bread was thrown from every vessel to the famished crowd upon the quays. They devoured it like hungry dogs, and many choked themselves to death. Then, by a common impulse, all moved to the great

church to give thanks for their deliverance. Thousands of voices joined in the psalm of praise, but few were able to carry it through. The hymn was abruptly ended while the multitude wept like children. The very day after the relief of the city a "strong east wind" drove the waters back from the meadows, and the work of repairing the dykes began.

The Prince of Orange, who had been wasting with fever, rose from his sick bed to visit the city. As a reward for its heroism he offered exemption for taxes, or the establishment of a university. It chose the latter, and the next year a charter was granted—by a biting irony, in the name of King Philip—for the founding of a university, to which the names of Grotius, Descartes, Scaliger, Boerhave, Gomar, and Arminius have lent imperishable renown. On the wall of the picturesque old town-hall may still be seen a quaint inscription which records, in commemoration of the famous siege, that "when the black famine had brought to the death nearly 6,000 persons, then God the Lord repented of it, and gave us bread again as much as we could wish."

The Estates of Holland now placed supreme authority in the hands of William of Orange. A conference with Spanish commissioners was held at Breda in March, 1575, looking to a pacification of the country, but without result. A mutiny broke out among the Spanish soldiers, who pillaged and plundered the whole country under their control. On the 4th of November, 1576, they captured Antwerp, then the richest city in Europe. With a yell of "St. James, Spain, blood, fire, sack," they stormed through the streets. "Hell seemed emptied of its fiends," writes the historian of the event, and they revelled in every crime of which even fiends could be capable. The massacre on that fatal Sabbath was greater than even on the dread St. Bartholomew. Eight thousand persons were slain, six millions of property was pillaged, and the best part of the city was given to the flames. The "Spanish Fury," as it is named, was the last crime which united the whole country to drive their hated foe from the land.

The new Governor, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepànto, professed to grant the demands of the patriots; but his professions were treacherous, and soon hostilities broke out anew, and generally to the discomfiture of the patriot troops by the Spanish veterans.

Of all the sieges of that terrible time, none was more tragical than that of Maestricht. This city had 34,000 inhabitants, including 1,000 soldiers, and a burgher guard of 1,200 men. But it was defended by strong walls, a moat sixty feet deep and wide, and most of all, by the stout hearts of its citizens. For four long summer months over 30,000 veteran warriors besieged the devoted town; 4,000 miners sapped its walls, and the best artillery of the age battered its bastions. But gangs of men and women countermined from within, deluged the enemy's works with boiling water, and filled their galleries with acrid smoke, driven by the bellows of the great church organ. "The women, fierce as tigresses defending their young, swarmed on the walls, and fought in the foremost rank." They hurled firebrands in the besiegers' faces, and quoited blazing pitch-hoops about their necks. The burghers, armed with ponderous flails, threshed out this bloody harvest of death. As one wall was battered down another rose within; and when bastion and battery were hurled in air, the more than decimated garrison, heroic in despair, fought like a tiger at bay. The final assault was at night. The chivalrous Spaniards hunted the women and children from house to house, and massacred them without mercy. "The cry of agony which arose was distinctly heard at the distance of a league." For three days the slaughter lasted—not 400 men escaped alive—and then the conqueror proceeded in state to the cathedral to sing *Te Deum* to the God of Love for His signal mercy in vouchsafing such a victory. Amid such throes of agony was the independence of the Dutch Republic born.

Through the tireless energy of William of Orange, a league of the northern provinces of Holland was formed for mutual defence and assistance, and for implacable hostility to Spain; and in July 26, 1581, in a solemn assembly at the Hague, the United Provinces formally declared their independence. Absosolute freedom of religion was established, but the Spanish Inquisition was banished forever.

When every other weapon failed, Philip tried to overcome his inveterate foe by lavish bribery, but the incorruptible patriot replied, "Neither for property nor for life, neither for wife nor for children would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason." He was then placed under the ban of Philip, and a reward of 25,000 golden crowns was offered for his life. But William

hurled defiance at his foe. In a famous "Apology" presented to the Estates he declared, "I am in the hand of God. My goods, my life have long been devoted to His service. He will dispose of them as seems best for His glory and my salvation. . . . Here is my head, over which no prince, no monarch has power but yourselves. Dispose of it for your good, for the preservation of your Republic."

Although "Father William," as he was affectionately called, had the love and confidence of all the people, he waived his claim to the Stadtholdership, or Presidency of the Republic, in favour of the Duke of Anjou, whom he nominated to that office. He contented himself with the Stadtholdership of the Provinces of Holland and Zealand.

The result of Philip's "ban" and proffered reward for the death of Orange were soon apparent. On the birthday festival of the Duke of Anjou, as the Prince left the banquet chamber, a small, dark youth put a petition into his hand. As he looked at it, the assassin drew a pistol and fired it point blank at the Prince's head. The ball passed through his neck, carrying with it two teeth. "Do not kill him," cried the Prince; "I forgive him my death." Forbidden by the surgeons to speak, he wrote incessantly, urging the towns-folk to create no tumult should he die. The flame of the pistol had cauterized the wound, and prevented a fatal result. The assassin had been instantly despatched, but papers on his person proved the crime to be a Spanish plot, for which Philip agreed to pay 80,000 ducats and a patent of the noblest order of Spanish nobility. For eighteen days the Prince lay in a precarious state, when the cicatrix came off the wound and a violent hæmorrhage ensued. "It is now all over," said the Prince, and he bade his children a calm "good-night forever." It was impossible to staunch the flow of blood but by relays of attendants night and day keeping the wound compressed by the thumb. At length it closed, and in a month the Prince was convalescent. Nevertheless, the murderer had found an illustrious victim. The Princess, his wife, worn with watching and anxiety, fell into a fever, from which, in a few days, she died.

In the following two years, stimulated by Spanish gold, five successive attempts were made to assassinate the Prince of Orange. The last of these was successful. A certain Balthazar

Gerard, a fanatical Catholic, had nursed in his heart for seven years the bloody project. His plan was endorsed by the Duke of Parma, and by the Jesuit fathers of Treves. He professed to be the son of a martyred Calvinist, and procured employment in the Prince's service. He obtained from the Prince's charity money to purchase shoes in which to go to church. With this he bought from a soldier a pair of pistols, and lying in wait for the Prince in the vestibule of his modest mansion at Delft, he fired into his body three poisoned bullets. The Prince fell with the cry, "O, my God, have mercy upon my soul! O, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were his last words, save that when asked by his sister, "If he commended his soul to Jesus Christ," he faintly whispered, "Yes." Thus died, in his fifty-first year, the greatest statesman of his age.

The assassin was executed with horrible tortures, which the Prince would have forbidden; but he boasted to the last of his crime, and his parents were ennobled by Phillip, and endowed with three seignories in Franche Compté, the confiscated property of the man whom he had slain.

The murdered prince was buried amid the tears of all the people. "While he lived," says Motley, in the closing words of his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," which is but the history of the life of Orange, "he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

The portrait of Orange, in the Senate Chamber of the University of Leyden, reveals a grave, austere face, with brown, close-clipped hair and pointed beard, a lofty forehead seamed with lines of care, and deep dark eyes, with a melancholy expression as though foreseeing his destined fate. A deep SS collar and a furred gown complete his attire. Never lived a purer patriot, a more incorruptible statesman; and never died a nobler martyr for the Protestant faith, of which he was the foremost champion in Europe.

For eighty long years lasted the bloody struggle between the amphibious Dutch Provinces and the haughty power of Spain. But it ended in the triumph of the cause for which Wise William the Silent lived and died, and Holland became the greatest maritime power in the world. The House of Orange worthily upheld his knightly motto—JE MAINTIENDRAI—and his illustrious great grandson, William III., not only maintained the Protestant liberties of England, but of all Christendom.

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER V.—"THE CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS."

THE progress of our story transports us, on the day after the banquet described in our last chapter, to the palace of the Prefect Naso, on the Aventine. It was a large and pompous-looking building, with a many-columned portico and spacious gardens, both crowded with statuary, the spoil of foreign cities, or the product of degenerate Greek art—as offensive in design as skilful in execution. The whole bore evidence of the ostentation of vulgar wealth rather than of judicious taste. A crowd of "clients" and satellites of the great man were hanging round the doors, eager to present some petition, proffer some service, or to swell his idle retinue, like jackals around a lion, hoping to pick up a living as hangers-on of such a powerful and unscrupulous dispenser of patronage. In the degenerate days of the Empire, the civic officials especially had always a swarm of needy dependents seeking to batten on the spoils of office. They were supposed, in some way, to add to the dignity of the consuls and prætors, as in later times were the retainers of a mediæval baron. The system of slavery had made all honest labour opprobrious, and these idle, corrupt, and dangerous parasites had to be kept in good humour by lavish doles and constant amusements. "Bread and the Circus," was their imperious demand, and having these, they cared for nothing else.

On the morning in question there was considerable excitement among this turbulent throng, for the rumour was current that there was to be an examination of certain prisoners accused of the vile crime of Christianity; and there were hopes that the criminals would supply fresh victims for the games of the amphitheatre, which for some time had languished for lack of suitable material. The temper of the mob we may learn by the remarks that reach our ears as we elbow our way through.

"Ho, Davus! what's the news to-day?" asked a cobbler with his leathern apron tucked up about his waist, of a greasy-looking individual who strutted about with much affectation of dignity;

"you have the run of his Excellency's kitchen, and ought to know."

"Are *you* there, Samos?" (a nick-name meaning Flat Nose). "Back to your den, you slave, and don't meddle with gentlemen. '*Ne sutor,*' you know the rest."

"Can't you see that the cook drove him out with the basting ladle?" said Museus, the stout-armed blacksmith, himself a slave, and resenting the insult to his class; and so the laugh was turned against the hungry parasite.

"Here, good Max, you are on the guard, you can tell us," went on the burly smith.

"News enough, as you'll soon find. There's to be more hunting of the Christians for those who like it. For my part, I don't."

"Why not," asked Burdo, the butcher, a truculent looking fellow with a great knife in a sheath at his girdle. "I'd like no better fun. I'd as lief kill a Christian as kill a calf."

"It might suit your business," answered stout Max, with a sneer, "but hunting women and children is not a soldier's trade."

"O ho! that's the game that's a-foot!" chuckled a withered little wretch with a hungry face and cruel eyes, like a weasel. "Here's a chance for an honest man who worships the old gods to turn an honest penny."

"Honest man!" growled Max. "Diogenes would want a good lantern to find one in Rome to-day. He'd certainly never take thee for one. Thy very face would convict thee of violating all the laws in the Twelve Tables."

"Hunting the Christians, that's the game, is it?" said an ill-dressed idler, blear eyed and besotted; "and pestilent vermin they are. I'd like to see them all drowned in the Tiber like so many rats."

"You are more likely to see them devoured in the amphitheatre," said Bruto, a Herculean gladiator. "The Prefect is going to give some grand games on the Feast of Neptune. Our new lions will have a chance to flesh their teeth in the bodies of the Christians. The wretches havn't the courage to fight, like the Dacian prisoners, with us gladiators, nor even with the beasts; but just let themselves be devoured like sheep."

At this juncture a commotion was observed about the door, and Naso, the Prefect, came forth and looked haughtily around. Several clients pressed forward with petitions, which he care-

lessly handed unopened to his secretary, who walked behind. He regarded with some interest the elegantly-dressed and graceful youth who glided through the throng and presented a scroll, saying, as he did so—

"It is of much importance, your Excellency. It is about the Christians."

"Follow me to the Forum," said the Prefect, and our old acquaintance Isidorus, for it was he, fell into the train of the great civic dignitary. Arrived at the Basilica Julia, or great Court of Justice, the Prefect beckoned to the young Greek secretary, and entered a private ante-room. Throwing himself into a bronze chair, and pointing the Greek to a marble seat, he asked abruptly—

"Now, what is this you know about these Christians?"

"Something of much importance to your Excellency, and I hope to learn something still more important."

"You shall be well paid if you do," said the Prefect. "It is difficult to convict them of any crime."

"I have secret sources of information, your Excellency. In fact, I hope to bring you the names of the ringleaders of the accursed sect."

"How so? Are you not the secretary of Flaccus Sertorius?"

"I am, your Excellency, but he has no heart in the work of this new edict. I would like to see more zeal in the Emperor's service."

"I like not this Sertorius," said the Prefect, half musing. "He affects too much what they call the severe old Roman virtues to suit these times. But how do you expect to learn the secrets of these Christians?"

"By becoming one myself, your Excellency," replied the Greek, with a sinister expression in his eyes.

"By becoming one yourself!" exclaimed the Prefect, in a tone of anger and surprise. Then noting the wily expression of the supple Greek, he added, "Oh! I see, by becoming a spy upon their practices and a betrayer of their secrets. Is that it?"

"We Greeks like not the words traitor and spy," said the youth, with a faint blush, "but to serve the Emperor and your Excellency we would bear even that opprobrium."

"Well, you look capable of it," said the Prefect, with an undis-

guised sneer, "and I will gladly use any instruments to crush this vile sect."

"But, your Excellency," said the cringing Greek, swallowing his chagrin and annoyance, "I shall require gold to gain the confidence of these Christians—not to bribe them, for that is impossible, but to spend in what they call charity—to give to their sick and poor."

"Not forgetting yourself, I'll be bound," sneered the Prefect. "But what you say is no doubt true;" and turning to the table he wrote an order upon the Imperial Exchequer, and handed it to the Greek, with the words, "If you make good use of that, there is more where it comes from. The Emperor pays his *faithful* servants well." Then dismissing the treacherous tool whom he himself despised, he passed into the Basilica, or court, where the bold Christian youth who had torn down the Emperor's edict was to receive his sentence.

Livid with the torture he had undergone to make him disclose the names of his accomplices—tortures which he had borne with heroic fortitude—he boldly avowed his act, and defied the power of the Prefect to extort the name of a single Christian from his lips. We will not harrow the hearts of our readers by recounting the atrocious tortures by which the body of the brave youth had been wrung. He was at length borne away fainting to his cruel fate. Although the Prefect, who had sworn to have his secret if he tore the heart out of his body, gnashed his teeth in impotent rage at the defiance of the mangled martyr, yet he could not in his inmost soul help feeling the vast gulf between his sublime fidelity and the heinous guilt of the base traitor from whom he had just parted.

The pages of the contemporary historians, Eusebius and Lactantius, give too minute and circumstantial accounts of the persecutions, of which they were eye-witnesses, to allow us to adopt the complacent theory of Gibbon, that the sufferings of the Christians were comparatively few and insignificant. "We ourselves have seen," says the Bishop of Cæsarea, "crowds of persons, some beheaded, others burned alive in a single day, so that the murderous weapons were blunted and broken to pieces, and the executioners, weary with slaughter, were obliged to give over the work of blood. . . . They vied with each other," he continues, "in inventing new tortures, as if there were prizes

offered to him who should contrive the greatest cruelties."* Men whose only crime was their religion, were scourged with chains laden with bronze balls, till the flesh hung in shreds, and even the bones were broken. They were bound in fetters of red hot iron, and roasted over fires so slow that they lingered for hours, or even days, in their mortal agony; their flesh was scraped from the very bone with ragged shells, or lacerated with burning pincers, iron hooks, and instruments with horrid teeth and claws, hence called *ungulæ*, examples of which have been found in the Catacombs; molten metal was applied to their bodies till they became one undistinguishable wound, and mingled salt and vinegar,† or unslacked lime, were rubbed upon the quivering flesh, torn and bleeding from the rack or scourge—tortures more inhuman than savage Indian ever wreaked upon his mortal foe. Chaste matrons and tender virgins were given over to a fate a thousand-fold worse than death, and were subjected to indignities too horrible for words to utter. And all these sufferings were endured, often with joy and exultation, for the love of a Divine Master, when a single word, a grain of incense cast upon the heathen altar, would have released the victims from their agonies. No lapse of time, and no recoil from the idolatrous homage paid in after ages to the martyr's relics, should impair in our hearts the profound and rational reverence with which we bend before his tomb.

While the examination of the Christian martyr was in progress, much interest was manifested in his fate by the throng of idlers who were wont to linger around the public courts, to gratify their curiosity or their morbid love of cruelty.

"The State is in danger," said Piso, the barber, gesticulating violently, "if such miscreants are suffered to live."

"Ay, is it," chimed in a garrulous pedagogue, "this is rank treason."

"Right, neighbour Probus," added a pettifogging lawyer. "This is the very *crimen majestatis*. These men are the enemies of Cæsar and of the Roman people."

"Who would think he was so wicked?" said a poor freed-

* Euseb. Hist. Eccles., viii. 7.

† "Salt me the more, that I may be incorruptible," said Tarachus, the martyr, as he underwent this excruciating torture.

woman who sold sugar barley in the Forum. "Sure he looks innocent enough."

"He *is* innocent," replied her neighbour, who kept a stall for the sale of figs and olives. "'Tis that wretch who is wicked," looking fiercely at the Prefect as he moved from the court.

"You are right," said a grave-looking man, speaking low, but with a look of secret understanding; "but be careful. You can do the brave Lucius no good, and may betray the others into jeopardy," and he passed swiftly through the throng.

"'Tis time all these Atheists were exterminated," said Furbo, a sort of hanger-on at the neighbouring temple of Saturn. "The gods are angry, and the victims give sinister auspices. To-day when the priest slew the ram for the sacrifice, would you believe it? it had no heart; and the sacred chickens refused their food."

"And they certainly are to blame for the floods of the Tiber, which destroyed all the olives and lentils in my shop," said Fronto, the oil and vegetable seller.

"And the rain rusted all the wheat on our farm," said Macer, the villicus or land-steward.

"And the fever has broken out afresh in the Suburra," croaked a withered old Egyptian crone, like a living mummy, who told fortunes and sold spells in that crowded and pest-smitten quarter, where the poor swarmed like flies.

"And the drought has blighted all the vines," echoed Demetrius, the wine-merchant.

"I never knew trade so dull," whined Ephraim, the Jewish money-lender. "We'll never have good times again till these accursed Christians are all destroyed."

"So say I," "And I," "And I," shouted one after another of the mob, till the wild cry rang round the Forum, "*Christiani ad leones*"—"The Christians to the lions."*

* "If the Tiber overflows its banks," says Tertullian, "or if the Nile does not; if there be drought or earthquakes, famine or pestilence, the cry is raised, 'the Christians to the lions.' But I pray you," he adds, in refutation of these absurd charges, "were misfortunes unknown before Tiberius? The true God was not worshipped when Hannibal conquered at Cannæ, or the Gauls filled the city." Tertul. *Apol.*, x.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MARTYR'S BURIAL.

ENTRANCE TO CATACOMB.

The fawning Greek Isidorus had stealthily wormed his way into the confidence of Faustus, a servant of Adauctus, by professing to be, if not a Christian, at least a sincere inquirer after the truth, and an ardent hater of the edict of persecution. Faustus had therefore promised to conduct him to a private meeting of the Christians, where he might be more fully instructed by the good presbyter, Primitius. In the short summer twilight they therefore made their way to the villa of the Christian matron Marcella, on the Appian Way, about two miles from the city gates. A high wall surrounded the grounds. In this was a wicket or door, at which Faustus knocked. The white-haired porter partly opened the door, and recognizing the foremost figure, admitted him, but gave a look of inquiry before passing his companion.

"It is all right," said Faustus. "He is a good friend of mine," and so they passed on.

The grounds were large and elegant, fountains flashed in the soft moonlight, the night-blooming cereus breathed forth its rare perfume, and masses of cypress and ilex cast deep shadows on the pleached alleys. But there was a conspicuous absence of the garden statuary invariably found in pagan grounds. There was no figure of the god Terminus, nor of the beautiful Flora, or Pomona, nor of any of the fair goddesses which to-day people the galleries of Rome. In the spacious *atrium*, or central apartment of the house, which was partially lighted by bronze candal-

abra, was gathered a company of nearly a hundred persons, seated on couches around the hall—the men on the right and the women on the left. A solemn stillness brooded over the entire assembly. Near a tall cadalabrum stood a venerable figure with a snowy beard—the presbyter Primitius. From a parchment scroll in his hand he read in impressive tones the holy words of hope and consolation, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me," and the rest of that sweet, parting counsel of the world's Redeemer.

Before he was through, a procession with torches was seen approaching through the garden. On a bier, borne by four young men, lay the body of Lucius the martyr, wrapped in white and strewn with flowers—at rest in the solemn majesty of death from the tortures of the rack and scourge. The little assembly within joined the procession without, and softly singing the holy words which still give such consolation to the stricken heart, "Beati sunt mortui qui in Domino morientur—Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," through the shadowy cypress alleys wound the solemn procession. Soon it reached an archway, like that shown in our first chapter, the entrance to the catacomb of St. Callixtus, which lay beneath the grounds of the Lady Marcella. Then, preceded by torches, with careful tread the bearers of the bier slowly descended a rock-hewn stairway, and traversed a long and gloomy corridor, lined on either side with the graves of the dead.* This stairway and corridor are shown in the engravings which accompany this chapter.

An almost supernatural fear fell upon the soul of Isidorus the Greek, who had followed in the train of the procession, as it penetrated further and further into the very heart of the earth. He seemed like Ulysses with his ghostly guide visiting the grim regions of the nether-world, and the words of the classic poet came to his mind, "Horror on all sides, the very silence fills the soul with dread." Already for more than two centuries these gloomy galleries had been the receptacles of the Christian dead, and in many places the slabs that sealed the tombs were broken, and the graves yawned weirdly as he passed, revealing the unfleshed skeletons lying on their stony bed. To his excited imagination they seemed to menace him with their outstretched

* For the details above given, see Bingham's *Origines Ecclesiasticæ.*

bony arms. Deep, mysterious shadows crouched around, full of vague suggestions of affright. His gay, joyous and pleasure-loving nature recoiled from the evidences of mortality around him. His footsteps faltered, and he almost fell to the rocky pavement. The procession swept on, the glimmering lights growing dimmer and dimmer, and then turning an angle they suddenly disappeared. Fear lent wings to his feet, and he fled along the narrow path with outstretched hands, sometimes touching with a feeling of horrible recoil the bones or ashes of the dead. He hurried along, groping from side to side, and when he reached

Corridor of Catacomb.

the passage down which the funeral procession had disappeared, no gleam of it was visible, nor could he tell, so suddenly the lights had disappeared, whether it had turned to the right or to the left. The darkness was intense—a darkness that might be felt, a brooding horror that oppressed every sense. He tried to call out, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his faint cry was swallowed up in the deep and oppressive silence. Had the vengeance of the gods overtaken

him in punishment for his meditated crime? Was he, who so loved the light and air, and joyous sunshine, never to behold them again? Must he be buried in these gloomy vaults for ever? These thoughts surged through his brain, and almost drove him wild. But what sounds are those that steal faintly on his ear? They seem like the music of heaven heard in the heart of hell. Stronger, sweeter, clearer, come the holy voices. And now they shape themselves to words, "Nam et si ambulavero in medio umbræ mortis, non timebo mala—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Was it to taunt his terrors those strange words were sung? Then the holy chant went on, "Quonian tu mecum es. Virga tua, et baculus tuus, ipsa me consolata sunt—For thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." What strange secret had these Christians that sustained their souls even surrounded by the horrors of the tomb?

Isidorus groped his way amid the gloom toward these heavenly sounds. Soon he caught a faint glimmer of light reflected from an angle of the corridor, and then a ray through an open doorway pierced the gloom. Hurrying forward he found the whole company from which he had become separated gathered in a sort of chapel hewn out of the solid rock. The body of Lucius lay upon the bier before an open tomb, hewn out of the wall. The venerable presbyter, by the fitful torchlight which illumined the strange group, and lit up the pious paintings and epitaphs upon the wall, read from a scroll the strange words, "And I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held, and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?" A great fear fell upon the soul of the susceptible Greek, for the slain man seemed, in the solemn majesty of death, to become an accusing judge.

Then turning his scroll the presbyter read on, "What are these arrayed in white robes and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

These holy words stirred strange emotions in the agitated breast of the young Greek. Sweeter were they than ought he had ever read in Pindar's page, and more sublime than even Homer's hymns. If these things were true, he thought, he would gladly change places with the martyr on his bier, if only he might exchange the torturing ambitions, strifes and sins of time for the holy joys which that marvellous scroll revealed.

Then by loving hands the martyr's body was placed in its narrow tomb. A marble slab, on which were simply written his name and the words, "DORMIT IN PACE—He sleeps in peace," was cemented against the opening. With a trowel, a palm branch, the symbol of martyrdom, was rudely traced in the yet unhardened cement, and the little company began to disperse.

"O sir," cried the young Greek, clasping the hand of the venerable Primitius, "teach me more fully this excellent way."

"Gladly, my son," replied the benignant old man. "Come hither to-morrow. For here," he added with a smile, "my friends insist that I must remain concealed till this outburst of persecution shall have passed.* Hilarus, the fossor, will be thy guide. He will now conduct thee back to thy friend Faustus, who is seeking thee."

By the dim light of a waxen taper which he carried, Hilarus led the Greek to the entrance to the Catacomb, where they found Faustus waiting in some alarm at the delay of his friend. In the bright moonlight they walked back to the city. Isidorus thought well to evade giving an account of his adventure in the Catacomb, and, to turn the conversation, asked how the Christians had obtained the body of Lucius from the public executioner.

"Oh, money will do anything in Rome," said Faustus, at which the Greek visibly winced. "The Lady Marcella, in whose grounds the Catacomb is, devotes much of her wealth to burying the poor of the Church, and her steward had no difficulty in purchasing from Hanno, the executioner, the mangled remains of the martyr. 'Tis like, before long, that he will have many such to sell."

* Liberius, Bishop of Rome, lay concealed in the Catacombs for a whole year, during a time of persecution.

SUNRISE AT CHAMOUNI.

BY THE REV. A. ANDREWS.

What does it all mean? *Ding-dong!—ding-dong!—ding-dong!*—sounds a clear treble bell. Now a deep, heavy bass from a second rings out loud and full—*ding, ding, ding!* And then half a dozen join in a merry peal—all the bells from every steeple and tower ring together.

It is half-past four. Is there a great fire, or what is amiss? Only the coming sunrise! After a rest of a minute or two another, and then another, ringing of bells. Then all is over. All who choose may leave their beds and see the sunrise, while they who wish may sleep on to their heart's content—Chamouni's warning is given.

The valley of Chamouni lies north-east and south-west; there can be no mistake as to where the sun will rise, for the light is streaming over the eastern end of the mountain-locked valley. The river Arve is running below, between the mountain ranges, and rows of houses are built along its banks. What a lovely morning! and how clear and sweet and bracing is this mountain air—sending fresh blood into the veins and spirit into the man. It is Sabbath, too. Praise the Lord for such a Sabbath morning, with its felt quiet, broken now only by the constant murmuring of the river as it rushes over its rocky bed.

Mont Blanc lies to the right on the south bank of the river, and is surrounded by numerous sister peaks. Nine of them are in view from the spot where we stand. Six of them with snow-capped summits, extending down their rugged sides from one to six thousand feet, although apparently not more than so many hundreds—distances are so deceptive here. The Glacier De Boissons lies full in view, stretching away perhaps two miles in its broken and uneven course.

There! The sun has marked the highest peak. The rounded summit of Mount Blanc is gilded over with a soft and mellow light, blending richly with the snowy whiteness and shady indentations of the mountains below. Now another peak, conical and slightly flattened, wears a tiny little fringe like a lady's summer hat. Five points are next illuminated, while the lower mountains are still slumbering in their twilight shade.

As yet the mountains of the northern range—dense and heavily-wooded near their base, but barren and rugged in their higher elevation, show no actual sign of sunrise. Gradually, however, deeper and deeper down into the valley the line of golden light creeps slowly and steadily, giving time to the writer to note its progress, and remember, perhaps forever, the enchanting scene. Those jagged peaks, wrought by time and storm into fantastic shapes, seem from their nearness to be the highest of the range; but though every needle-point and jutting of their lofty summits be clearly defined against the deep blue Alpine sky, as yet they show no gilding light, and we know that they are not so high, by actual measurement, as they appear. The light streams in radiant lines, as though the sun were far down some deep valley beyond the mountains, for the king of day has not yet reached the actual horizon—these mountains get far more sunshine than really falls to their share. The lower mountains are now touched with sunlight one by one. These have no snow nor foliage to cover their barren granite forms, save here and there in sheltered crannies along their rugged sides. Everything is still save the murmuring waters, as they go rushing by from the distant glaciers—not even the lowing of the cattle, nor a single pasture bell from neck of sheep or goat, nor Alpine horn, nor crack of driver's lash, nor rattle of ponderous diligence is heard. The smoke curling up from a single chimney, now from two, tell us that a few of Chamouni's inhabitants are stirring, but the others are quietly enjoying their Sunday morning's rest.

This morning we have no purple or amber hues—the atmosphere is too clear and pure for that, but a chaste new silver brightness, melting here and there into the lightest golden lines, with many modifications, covers all the eastern slopes of the snow-clad mountains. What a height these mountains are! More than thirty minutes have passed since the first tinge of actual sunlight fell upon the summit of Mont Blanc, and at this moment not one of the mountains is illuminated to more than half its entire depth. The mountains on the northern ridge are also blazing with the sunlight down to the region of grass and mosses, and the scene becomes softer and more complete.

Sunrise is over, and day is once more a reality at Chamouni.

CHAMOUNI, SWITZERLAND, *Aug. 1880.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE RELIGION OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The voluminous literature which has grown out of this subject is a very remarkable fact, and the great number of persons who put implicit credence in the religious interpretation of this "Gospel in Stone" is more remarkable still. The January number of the *London Quarterly Review*, the highest organ of English Methodism, contains an admirable article on this topic, which we shall briefly summarize. The principal authority quoted is Prof. Piazzi Smyth's famous book, "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," a bulky volume of 677 pages. Prof. Smyth asserts that the Pyramid of Gizeh contains a divinely inspired revelation, not only of the abstruse teachings of astronomy and metrology, but also of the religious history of the race. He supposes the architect of the pyramid to be identical with Shem, Melchizedeck or Job. It is alleged to have been built B.C. 2170. All the measurements of the pyramids are affirmed to have a symbolical significance. Yet it is impossible to get these measurements exactly, because the structure is so ruinous and heaped about with mounds of rubbish, and the external casing which gave it its outline is almost entirely gone. It is a curious circumstance that almost all the measurements quoted by Prof. Smyth abound in small fractions, whereas the builder would be almost certain to use a unit of measurement that would give round or even numbers. This seems to indicate that the professor has got hold of the wrong unit.

Among the astronomical facts thus indicated are the polar and equatorial diameter of the earth, its density and mean distance from the sun; the obliquity of the ecliptic, etc. But on several of these facts scientists are not quite agreed among themselves, nor are they about the dimensions of the pyramid.

The stone coffer found in the central chamber of the pyramid, although it is much chipped and broken, and is rudely hewn, we are assured was designed to be an inspired standard of measurement, although the architect "was simply deceiving the people by pretending to erect a sarcophagus." It had also a definite relation to the capacity of Noah's Ark, the Ark of the Covenant, the Brazen Laver, and Solomon's Molten Sea! and the dimensions of the pyramid itself to the size, weight, and population of the earth! The Ark of the Covenant, Prof. Smyth believes, was brought to Ireland and was buried in the hill of Tara, where it remains to this day.

The Scripture chronology is indicated by "pyramid inches," which are 1-1000th part longer than British inches. Thus, the length of the grand gallery is a little over 1,881 inches. This indicates the time from the birth of Christ to the millenium. Therefore the saints shall be caught up into the air between March 13th and August 6th, 1882! But as our Saviour's birth took place four years before the common era, that event ought to have taken place in 1878. The first ascending passage typifies the Mosaic dispensation, from the exodus to the birth of Christ, allowing an inch to a year; but unfortunately the numbers will not tally by many inches or years. A certain well symbolizes our Saviour's death and resurrection, and a deep chamber the bottomless pit; another passage, the second advent and ascension into heaven. The great tribulation of 53 years, from 1882, is shown by a passage 53 inches long, and only 44 inches high, the degree of distress being indicated by the lowness of ceiling; but this is only 3 inches less than that of two other passages which show the ordinary condition of the world. The millenium is

symbolized by a chamber which should therefore be 1000 inches long, but is only 116 inches long. But its circuit near the ceiling is 363 inches, and near the floor more probably 365 inches; and these stand for "the day of the Lord," namely, 1,000 years! The salt encrustation of the walls symbolizes the "covenant of salt" which God made with David and his son forever; the seasoning of the meat-offering under the law; and also the seed of David reigning over the houses of Israel, *i.e.*, Queen Victoria reigning over the tribe of Ephraim. (The Americans, we are told, are the tribe of Manasseh, and the Normans the tribe of Benjamin!)

Prof. Smyth is very hard on the French metrical system as opposed to the English—the former is out of the bottomless pit, the sign of Antichrist, the mark of the beast. "These two dread-opposing spiritual powers are engaged in battle round our little Isle (Great Britain) contending there for . . . . mighty issues through all eternity." "If we receive the pyramid measures," says our reviewer, "we receive Christ; if we reject them, we shall be destroyed with Antichrist at the Saviour's second coming."

Two marks on the wall of the gallery, ruled "as with a blunt steel instrument," indicate from before the days of Abraham the date of the Saviour's birth, and of the day of judgment, of which we read "knoweth no man." A great step, 68 inches from the end of the grand gallery, represents the vast increase of missionary energy in the beginning of this century, especially the Act of Parliament of 1813, throwing open India to missions. But neither the Reformation of Luther, nor the Wesleyan revival, nor even the day of Pentecost is indicated by a step of a single inch. The height of the step, one yard, indicates Great Britain. Between the step and the end of the passage is 68 inches, equal to a yard and a sacred cubit; *therefore*, ever since 1813 we are under obligation to observe both the Jewish and Christian Sabbath!

Several passages of Scripture are adduced in confirmation of these vagaries. The great pyramid is the altar in the midst of the land (of Egypt), and the pillar in the borders thereof (Isa. xix. 19, 20.) The sublime passage in Job xxxviii. 4-7, is also strongly pressed into this service. The apex of the pyramid is the "corner stone" which the builders rejected, but which became the headstone of the corner and symbol of Christ. It is also, Ezekiel's "terrible crystal," and the "stone of stumbling" of 1 Pet. ii. 3-8, and Matt. xxi. 24; and the pyramid is the temple of God which the angel measured with the reed (Rev. xxi.), and the indwellers in that temple are the Anglo-Israelites indicated by the 36,000,000 cubic inches of the grand gallery.

Such are some of the strange vagaries, the puerile conceits, a superstition as absurd as that of the most visionary astrology, into which this symbolical interpretation of the "great stone miracle" leads even learned men, proving, as Tennyson sings, that "knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

Our reviewer concludes thus:—"After a careful examination of the whole book, we are constrained to say that we have failed to find in the Great Pyramid any traces of astronomical knowledge, except a tolerably accurate idea of orientation, (*i.e.*, of determining the points of the compass,) and a probable indication of the north pole and the vernal equinox in the direction of the passages; that we have failed to discover therein any metrical standards, or any evidence whatever that its passages and chambers have any Messianic or prophetic meaning. . . . The only conclusion at which we can arrive is that Prof. Smyth's Great Pyramid theories are a great delusion."

Much more probable seems to us the theory of Prof. Proctor, quite as eminent an astronomer and mathematician as Prof. Smyth, that the whole of the pyramids were but structures for casting the nativities of the Egyptian Pharoahs.

After reading the above in type,

we fear that in our endeavour to condense a long article into a couple of pages, we have done scant justice to either the reviewer or his subject.

What our Friends Say.

One of the great gratifications of Editorial life is the marks of appreciation of one's labours, and the kindly greetings and expressions of approval one receives from unknown correspondents. We have had many such expressions, for which we feel very grateful. We take the liberty to quote part of one such letter from a gentleman who occupies a distinguished educational position, but with whom we have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted :—

"I can assure you," he says, "that we fully appreciate the efforts you are putting forth to supply the people of this Dominion, and particularly the Methodist portion of it, with a Magazine possessed of real literary merit, and pervaded by a pure and high religious tone. In these days when so many of our young people are having their minds poisoned, and their religious feelings deadened, by reading publications of doubtful orthodoxy, and thinly disguised sceptical tendencies, it is very gratifying to find your Magazine standing firmly by the grand old truths of the gospel. I have found this Magazine an invaluable assistant in the education of my family, by cultivating in the younger members a love for reading, and at the same time indelibly impressing upon their minds the great fundamental truths of our common Christianity. I am strongly in sympathy with the object you have in view. We are anticipating a pleasant time from the monthly visits of your Magazine, and trust that it will surely work its way into every Methodist, and, I may say, Christian, family in the land."

From the fact that most of our patrons continue to subscribe for the MAGAZINE year after year, many of them from its very beginning, we judge that the opinion above expressed is not an exceptional one. Our friends will confer a great favour if they will kindly speak to their neighbours, who do not see the MAGAZINE, in such words of commendation as they honestly think it deserves, and will solicit their patronage of a periodical which we deem of considerable religious and educational advantage in the households of our people. An increase of only ten per cent. on our present circulation would enable us considerably to improve the character of our MAGAZINE. Will not all who possibly can, try, during the month of March, to send us at least one new subscription. Back numbers for January and February can still be supplied.

George Eliot and Thomas Carlyle.

In the recent deaths of George Eliot and Thomas Carlyle, English literature has lost two of its most notable names. As to the relative merits and influence of the two, there can, we think, be scarcely any comparison. We regard Carlyle, in all the elements of greatness, as immeasurably superior to "the foremost novelist of the day." His success was achieved in a far more difficult field, and he handled far more august themes. Both were widely cultured and deeply tinctured with German thought; but George Eliot seems to us to resemble more the cold, polished, passionless Gœthe, and Carlyle the intense and passionate Schiller, or in some moral aspects of his character, the great-hearted Luther. The one is like an Alpine snow peak, icy and crystalline. The other is like Hecla, with its heart of flame and seething lava tides. George Eliot seldom touches the emotional nature, even in her most dramatic scenes. We envy not the man who can follow Carlyle's account of the tragic fall of the "beautiful, highborn" Marie Antoinette, without being deeply moved. The former analyzes human character, and probes and dissects that sensitive thing, a human heart, with the intellectual apathy of a demonstrator of anatomy over a cold cadaver. Her greatest work, we think, is unquestionably her "Romola." But even here she shows slight

sympathy with the great-hearted Florentine, the martyr monk Savonarola. We watch her puppets play, like marionettes under a master's hands, as if compelled to their destiny by an overmastering fate. Even the much-lauded "Adam Bede" will not, in our opinion, compare, for touching incident and noble heroism, and fine humour and broad humanity, with Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," to which, in some of its incidents, it bears a striking resemblance. Her poetry is even more coldly intellectual than her prose. In her Spanish Gipsy and Legend of Jubal, we do not remember a single passage which would lead one to suspect that the writer was a woman and with a heart, instead a fine thinking machine, spinning its product of polished English, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." Of her unfortunate domestic relations we shall not here speak.

We know no writings of the present century which have done so much to influence the more earnest thought of the age, to inspire a scorn of wrong, and love of truth and hate of falsities and shams, as the thirty-two volumes of Carlyle now before us. His historical method seems to us much nobler than that of Macaulay and his school. Macaulay gives you a brilliant picture of what his great rival would call "the outward shows and semblances of things." Carlyle reveals the innermost heart of things, and, almost like one of the old Hebrew prophets, portrays historic scenes against the background of eternity, with its awful abysses and celestial heights. He seeks passionately for the truth at whatever cost. Observe the Rhadamanthine justice he renders the actors in the tragic drama of the French Revolution. No matter what you have read on the subject, you get such an insight into its fiery heart and deep causes from Carlyle's volumes as you get from nothing else. They are a grand prose epic, containing more poetic fire than forty "Spanish Gipsys." And note too, with what passionate energy, he rends the calumnies from the prevalent conception, for two hundred years, of England's greatest Sovereign, her uncrowned King, Oliver Cromwell. Never again, while the world stands, can such a garment of lies enswathe one of the noblest characters in history.

Never was such a master of irony in the English tongue—keener than Swift, and with a moral elevation of which Swift was incapable. His scorn of wrong, his "prophetic burden" of denunciation sometimes betrayed him into an almost savage sarcasm. Even his uncouth phraseology has a charm of its own. It is like the ponderous talk of Titans—huge crags and unpolished rock-masses of thought. Nor would we miss his queer quotations from his other self—his "doppel-ganger" as he would call him—Herr Teufelsdrockh, his Von Sauerteig, and other oddities of his style. In his case emphatically, "Le style c'est l'homme." His "Sartor" is as rich in its grotesque humour as the famous "Knights" of Aristophanes, or as Homer's "Battle of the Frogs," but with an infinitely superior moral purpose. There are, however, views expressed in his "Latter-day Pamphlets," and elsewhere, from which we must dissent. Take him for all in all, upon few writers can one so well bestow the study of his days and nights. With Hooker, Bacon and Milton, we believe he will continue forever to be held as one of the greatest masters of English thought.

Chief Joseph.

The funeral service of this remarkable man—to whose sudden death reference is made on another page—in the St. James Street Church, Montreal, was an occasion of special interest. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Stafford, and the church, we read, was crowded with a motley throng of French and English, and Indians, Catholics and Protestants, merchants, cab-drivers, students, clerks, and newsboys. The Rev. W. I. Shaw delivered an admirable address, paying a well-merited tribute to the Christian character and superior abilities of the deceased

chief. The deep interest manifested in his death throughout Canada and the United States, he remarked, could not be explained by anything but what the man has suffered for freedom and done for truth. Prof. Shaw proceeded to give a brief sketch of his life-history, as follows:

"He was stricken down at the early age of 36. He was born at Oka in 1845. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Saint Mary's College, Montreal. He was afterwards employed as secretary to the Sulpicians at Oka. With growing influence amongst his tribe, he was soon elected to the position of a chief. About the year 1871 his people, wearied with the oppression they had to endure from those who should, by the law of heaven and earth, have been their protectors and guardians and friends, of their own accord concluded to try and see if they could find in Protestantism the liberty and light which the Almighty designs should be enjoyed by every human being, and so, headed by Chief Joseph and others, they sought the sympathy and aid of the Methodist Church, which, at least, has befriended the Indians, not only in these older Provinces, but also in the North-West, as much as any religious body of to-day in the Dominion. A Methodist missionary was sent to them, schools were opened, and every effort made to elevate them socially and morally, as well as religiously. In 1876 our brother was received as a probationer, and completed the usual four years' course, reading his course in French. He was ordained in 1880, and appointed to the Missionary work at Caughnawaga and St. Regis. In entering upon this work he felt the need of having in his own language the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. Since 1667, when the Sulpicians were really made, by Louis XVI., the trustees and guardians of these Indians, no copy of the Word of God was ever placed in their hands. Indeed, when the Methodist Church entered upon its missionary work among these Indians, it was found that very few of them could read at all. Joseph died young, yet he lived long enough to give his countrymen a copy of the holy gospels in their own tongue."

By this achievement he has won a truer title to immortal fame than the greatest warriors of his race; and the Christian virtues of Chief Joseph reflect a purer lustre than the warlike prowess of a Brant or a Tecumseh. It seems a mysterious providence that, with the promise of such future usefulness, he should be so early called from labour to reward. But being dead he yet speaketh by the example of his godly life, and by the priceless gift to his people of the Word of God in their own tongue.

A Modern "Stigmatica."

In our article on St. Francis of Assisi, in the February number of this Magazine, we questioned the reality of the stigmata which he is alleged to have received, on the ground, apart from the *a priori* improbability of the alleged miracle, that the evidence did not seem sufficient to establish the fact. We have since received from a courteous correspondent a closely-printed octavo pamphlet, of 55 large pages, giving a minute account of Louise Lateau, a Belgian girl, who in 1868, being then in her 18th year, is alleged to have received the sacred stigmata, and to have borne them ever since. The account seems amply corroborated by the testimony of physicians and scientific experts, and of the Catholic clergy of Tournay. The story is also told in *Macmillan's Magazine* for April, 1871, by Dr. Day, F.R.S. Having carefully read the pamphlet, we must say that only ocular demonstration would convince us of the reality of the alleged facts. They are so clearly preter-natural as to be quite on a par with the alleged miracles of the Grotto of Lourdes, and the Chapel of Knock, and others which we cannot accept. Besides receiving the stigmata, Louise Lateau is said to fall into a weekly ecstasy at the hour of the crucifixion, and for

several years to have neither eaten, drunk, nor slept; but the evidence of this last is not so clear.

These circumstances, of course, it is claimed, are clearly miraculous —"*Digitus Dei est hic*—It is the finger of God," says the record. But if the ecstasy be designed to be synchronous with the hour of the crucifixion, the geographical position of the subject, over 30° west of Jerusalem, makes her cataleptic seizure, or whatever it may be, occur some three hours later than the time at which that event took place at Jerusalem. It is easier for us to believe that the witnesses are mistaken, or labouring under a hallucination, than to believe that such miracles now take place. This objection does not lie against the miracles of Scripture, for they are recorded in writings which we regard as inspired, and they are supernatural testimonies to doctrines which *then* demanded such authentication, but for which we *now* have sufficient historic authentication. Of course the Roman Catholic Church maintains that there has been a continuous series of such miracles to the present time. Indeed, the most stupendous of all is declared to take place every day, on the consecration of the wheaten wafer, by its transubstantiation into the very body of the Son of God.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

The Western Section of the Executive Committee of the Œcumenical Council, recently met in the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York. There were only two representatives present from Canada, Dr. Allison, from New Brunswick, and Rev. Dr. Gardner, from Ontario.

Various papers were presented from the Eastern Section. An outline programme in blank was submitted covering twelve days, exclusive of two intervening Sabbaths, and also a set of regulations for the government of the Conference. The Eastern section had substituted the word "Congress" for "Conference," but the Western section does not approve of the change, and desires the Eastern section to retain the word "Conference." It is recommended that Friday, August 5th, be designated as a day, on which the Methodists of all lands shall be invited to observe as a day of special prayer for the blessing of God on the Œcumenical Conference.

Dr. Summers, of Nashville, presented a carefully-prepared paper on the work of the Œcumenical Conference, which was highly approved by the Committee, and recommended for publication.

After the Eastern Section has met and reviewed the recommendations of the Western Section, a fully matured programme will be published. The Conference, which is to meet in September, will be the most important gathering ever held in connection with Methodism.

There are nine Methodist bodies in Great Britain, with a total of 4,087 ministers. The Wesleyans have 402,520 members, the Primitives, 182,691; the Free Methodists, 79,477; the New Connexion, 28,850; the Bible Christians, 21,292; the Irish Wesleyans, 25,186; the Reform Union, 7,728; being a total membership of 747,744.

The Parent body is very active in the Temperance movement. The Conference has a well-matured constitution for Band of Hope Societies, which are established in all Circuits and many Sunday-schools. The 12th of December was observed in

all their Churches, as "Temperance Sunday," with special services in behalf of the Temperance reform.

"The Children's Home" has become an important institution in English Methodism. At a meeting recently held, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., stated that it was twelve years since the institution was started. There are now 500 children in the various branches, dependent on the charity of the Home. The boys are taught various trades, whilst the girls are taught domestic duties, fitting them for positions of respectability as they grow up in life. Of the first twenty boys who had been resident at the Home, several are engaged in agriculture in Canada, and nearly all are in positions of trust and respectability.

The Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its recent annual meeting, appropriated $5,000 toward "the dissemination of missionary information." The churches will be more likely to contribute toward Missions if they are informed of both the opportunities and necessities of the work.

The Freedmen's Aid Society is doing a noble educational work among the coloured people, for whose special benefit six Colleges and Universities, three Theological Schools, and one Medical School have been established, and ten other Institutions, making twenty in all.

The California Conference represents now four nationalities—American, German, Swede and Chinese—and the preachers go out to proclaim Christ in these tongues.

The Missionary Committee strongly recommend that missionary concerts be held monthly in all the churches, and that they may be made interesting. A programme is prepared by the committee and published some weeks in advance, in the various church organs. Such meetings, like the old-fashioned missionary prayer-meetings, may do much to revive the missionary spirit in the churches.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Rev. A. Lucas, in New Brunswick Conference, states, that in and around his circuit, there are four lumber-camps, containing about 150 men, who are away from the refining influence of wife, mother and sisters. Our dear brother, like a true Methodist missionary, resolved to visit those men and preach to them the Lord Jesus. Mr. Lucas takes the camps in rotation, and spends an evening at each, preaching and reading the Word of Life. He has been kindly received. The men are glad to avail themselves of the privilege of learning the Gospel. He distributes tracts and religious papers among them, and he is not without hope that the seed thus sown may bring forth good fruit. Ministers stationed within reasonable distance of lumber-camps, might imitate Mr. Lucas' noble example, and many who read these lines, might aid such brethren by sending them packages of religious papers and tracts for distribution in the camps.

During the visit of the Rev. H. B. Steinhauer in the Eastern Conferences, he had a free gift of more than one hundred dollars presented to him in Halifax, to be used for a church at Whitefish Lake.

The Sabbath-school at Sackville, New Brunswick, during the past two years, has contributed the sum of one hundred dollars per year toward the support of a native Japanese Missionary, the Rev. Tsuneyasu Hiraiwa. The school only contains 120 scholars, and yet they contributed the amount mentioned. The Missionary is regarded as "Our Missionary," and he often writes letters to the school, which greatly delight both teachers and scholars. One of these was published in a recent copy of the *Wesleyan*, and contains many items of great interest respecting the work in Japan, more especially the conversion of Hayashi, who is a man of education, and will, it is hoped, be of great service to the infant cause in that empire. Could not very many of our Sunday-schools in Ontario, emulate the example of Sackville?

A very interesting fact was stated at the late missionary meeting held at Cobourg, viz: that sixteen of the students of Victoria University, now

studying for the ministry, had volunteered their services as missionaries, to aid in the spread of the Gospel in foreign lands.

A serious outrage was perpetrated at Ottawa by attacking a Sunday-school procession under the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Syvret, one of our French missionaries. A young woman who had been converted from Romanism was abducted by her relatives; but, we are glad to learn, was at length again set free. Such interference with personal liberty, by whomsoever effected, is not to be tolerated in this free country.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. Robert Jackson, who had been fifty-eight years in the ministry, was the last of the three brothers who had occupied positions of great influence in the Wesleyan Connexion in England. Though he never, like them, filled the Presidential chair, he was always stationed on important circuits, and like his brother Samuel, laboured earnestly on behalf of young people. He was a real children's friend, and was accustomed to form catechumen and other classes for their special benefit.

The Methodist Church of Canada was startled to hear that Joseph Onasakenrat, better known as Chief Joseph, of Oka, had died. This devoted and extraordinary man died very suddenly at Caughnawaga, on the 9th of February. He had not been well for some days; but his case was not alarming until a short time before his death. In an hour he was not, for God took him. Chief Joseph's funeral service was held in Great St. James Street Church, Montreal, and was attended by several hundreds, both whites and Indians. He has rendered great service to the cause of God, by his translation of the Scriptures into his native tongue.

BOOK NOTICES.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. By ISABELLA L. BIRD. 2 vols., 8 vo. New York: Geo. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $5.50

Miss Bird is a veteran traveller and an indefatigable book-maker. She has already given the world a charming account of her adventures in the Sandwich Islands and among the Rocky Mountains. She here gives us her impressions of her seven months' visit to Japan, including a journey among the Ainos or aboriginal tribes of the island. It is not to be expected that all her somewhat hasty conclusions would be vindicated by a more prolonged residence; but she has given a vivid account of the country as seen through the eyes of an unusually keen and sympathetic observer, especially of that part of it which is seldom visited by European tourists. Some of her judgments are rather a disenchantment of our views of the Empire of the Rising Sun. She was startled at the poverty-stricken look of the country parts. It had been drained of much of its wealth for war-taxes and indemnities. It has also, she thinks, suffered from the effects of the treaties with foreign powers. The people she describes as narrow-chested and of a poor physique.

The new and popular Government she thinks, as opposed to the old and aristocratic forms, has in it elements of permanence; but she remarks that "over great districts the rumble of the wheels of progress is scarcely heard, and the Japanese peasant lives and thinks as his fathers lived and thought before him." But Japan, though poor, is not pauperized. "I have not seen a beggar or beggary in this strange country," she remarks; and she was much struck with the number and beauty of the temples, and with the

exquisite taste shown in their elegant gardens or parks.

"Blank Atheism" she describes as the present attitude of the native mind. When a Japanese traveller, who was much in Europe, was asked about Western religions, he replied, "I had no time to meddle with unprofitable things." It is sad to think that the current skepticism of Christendom, and the greed and ungodliness of foreign traders, react unfavorably to the introduction of Christianity into Japan. "The people are tired of the old religions," said a converted Japanese, "but don't want a new one." A Japanese student, who was in Edinburgh during the meeting of one of the "General Assemblies," was astonished to find a good deal of wine drank by ministers at dinner. "I wish they could know," he said, "how sad and sore my heart felt for them." The "intimidation" and "bull-dozing" that Japan has received from the Western powers is probably one cause for their "atheism" and distaste for Christianity. The United States alone received an indemnity of $785,000 for a naval demonstration which cost her only $25,000.

With only a single guide and interpreter, a lad of eighteen, Miss Bird penetrated the heart of Yezo, the northern island of Japan, among barbarous Ainos. But she was everywhere treated with courtesy and kindness. The inns were some times damp and ill-smelling, but she suffered no extortion, and transport was always at a fixed tariff. The Ainos are surely the gentlest savages on earth. Miss Bird was struck with their low, sweet voices and mild brown eyes. The men were of noble stature, fair complexions, and some of their heads reminded her of Sir Noel Paton's Christ. The engravings in the book, however, do not give so favorable an impression. "Their fondness for children was quite touching, big men nursing for hours little ones no way related to them." They are extremely decorous and modest. The women never change their clothes but in the dark, and an Aino woman who was persuaded to take a bath kept on her clothes, for she said the gods would be angry if they saw her unclothed. This is very different from the manners of Japan, which were a continual grievance to our traveller. "Could there be a stranger sight," she asks, "than a decent-looking middle-aged man intently reading a book on the veranda, clothed only in a pair of spectacles?"

Of Japanese art manufactures she speaks with enthusiasm, and instances silk *crepes* so fine that four widths at a time could be drawn through a finger ring. To the subject of missions she does not devote much space, and is rather noncommittal in her opinions. But she speaks of a secular school at Hirosaki, where thirty students had been converted to Christianity by the American teachers. At the Kioto College were over 100 students, 60 of them Christians and 40 studying with intense zeal for the ministry. "It was strange," she says, "to hear them discussing the difference between the Jesuits and Jansenists." The Kioto Christians, 350 members, have built their church, pay their pastors, and dispense medicines to the poor. It will doubtless be by raising up a native pastorate that the evangelization of Japan will be secured. The College of Science and Technology at Kioto is the best in the world. Neither in Europe nor America is there anything so complete.

The book on the whole is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of this strange people.

Seekers after God. By the Rev. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. Pp. 336. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.80.

GOD has never left Himself without a witness in the hearts of men. Even in the densest darkness of Paganism there have been earnest souls seeking the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him. Of these Canon Farrar gives us three conspicuous examples in the volume before us—Seneca, Epictetus, and

Marcus Aurelius The stern philosophy of the Stoics certainly developed some noble traits of character, but it too often led to the harsh dogmatism of the cynics. It only escaped this peril in the case of the tutor of Nero, who became at length the victim of his perverse pupil. His is by no means a faultless character, but the marvel is how, in such a grovelling age, he reached such moral elevation as he exhibits, and how, surrounded by such reeking foulness, he preserved such moral purity.

A much grander example of moral manhood is presented in the poor deformed Phrygian slave, Epictetus, who ennobled his bondage by a sublimity of soul and loftiness of moral teaching, that to the early Fathers seemed almost inspired.

But the noblest of Pagan slaves was surpassed only by the noblest of Pagan Emperors. "The one," says Farrar, "a foreigner, feeble, deformed, ignorant, born in squalor, bred in degradation, the despised chattel of a despicable freed man, surrounded by every depressing, ignoble, and pitiable circumstance of life—showed how one who seemed born to be a wretch could win noble happiness and immortal memory; the other—a Roman, a patrician, strong, of heavenly beauty, of noble ancestors, almost born to the purple, the favourite of Emperors, the greatest conqueror, the greatest philosopher, the greatest ruler of his time—proved forever that it is possible to be virtuous, and tender, and holy, and contented in the midst of sadness, even on an irresponsible and imperial throne. Strange, that of the two the Emperor is even sweeter, more simple, more admirable, more humbly and touchingly resigned, than the slave. A nobler, a gentler, a purer, a sweeter soul; a soul more fitted by virtue and chastity and self-denial to enter into the eternal peace, never passed into the presence of its Heavenly Father."

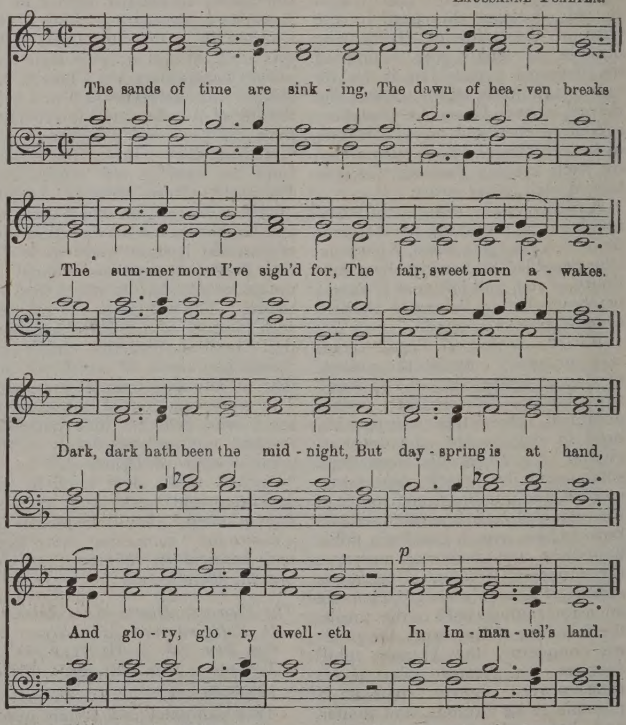
Yet this man was the successor, on the most absolute throne on earth, of such moral monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, and was the father of the wicked and detested Commodus. What a contrast is this pious Pagan to many of the "Most Christian" monarchs of Europe—a persecuting Philip II. or Charles IX., a dissolute Louis XIV. or Paul I., or still more apostate vicars of Christ, a Borgia or a Leo X. An infinite sadness seems to brood over the life of Aurelius, and is reflected from his pensive "Thoughts" and "Meditations." From these and from the writings of Seneca and Epictetus, Canon Farrar largely quotes in illustration of his themes; and his pictures of the foul condition of that old Roman world in which they lived, increases our wonder at the moral grandeur to which they attained. The whole book is suffused with the spell of that broad learning, that Christian spirit, that chaste and classic eloquence of which the author is so consummate a master. The contemplation of those noble souls, who even in thick darkness reached out groping hands to the great Father of lights, and haply "touched God's right hand in the darkness, and were lifted up and strengthened," should inspire in us a desire for "something more high and heroical in religion than the present age effecteth"

The Pleasure Dance in its Relation to Religion and Morality. By the Rev. W. J. HUNTER, D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 10 cents.

This pamphlet is a timely utterance upon an evil that more and more menaces the well-being of the Christian Church. It is a sermon preached by Dr. Hunter in the regular course of his Sunday ministrations. He brings a strong indictment against the popular pleasure dance. These are not words of railing accusation, but of truth and soberness, which are abundantly verified by the teachings of the Word of God, and by the recorded judgments of wise and good men of different branches of the Christian Church. This pamphlet should have a wide circulation.

THE SANDS OF TIME.

(By permission.) *Tune* "RUTHERFORD." LAUSSANNE PSALTER.

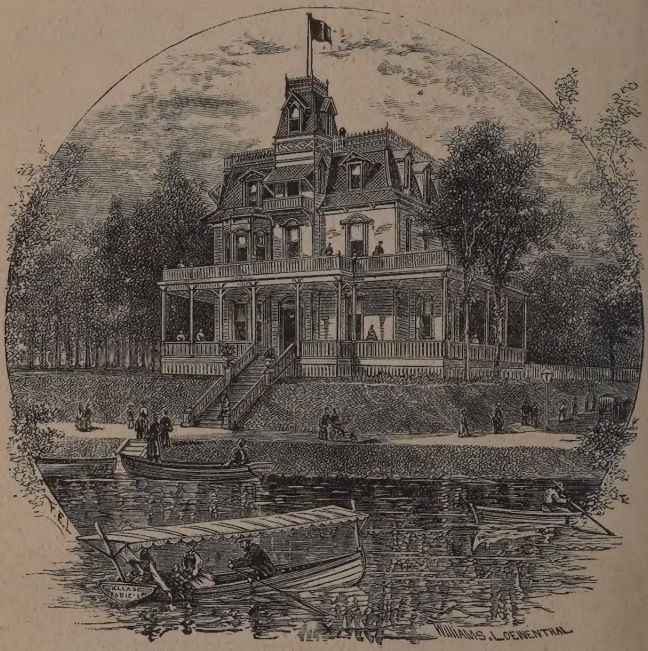

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks
The sum-mer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
p

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean-fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of life He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 O I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine;
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

From SONGS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE, published by Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book Room Toronto



PROFESSOR SANDERS' VILLA, OCEAN GROVE—
FROM WESLEY LAKE.